

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

COOKIE

№22
DEC-
JAN.

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...



ALL RIGHT, YOUNG MAN!
I SAID YOU COULD
STOP SAYING
"AHH"!



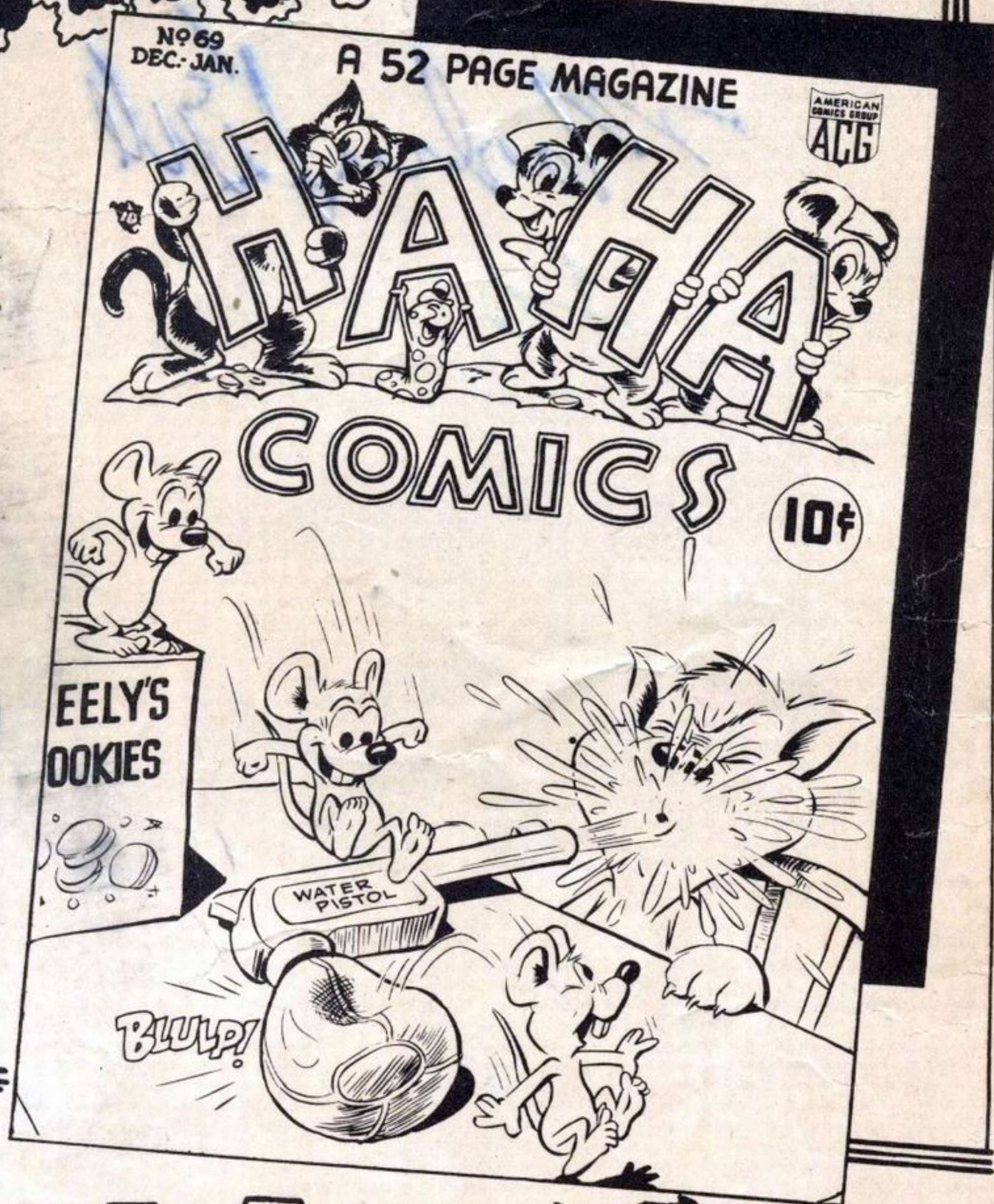


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

The Magazine THAT'S MAKING AMERICA ROAR!

HERE IT IS ---
A BOMBSHELL OF
BELLY-LAFFS---A
SALVO OF SMILES
--- THE GREATEST
GLOOM-CHASER
THAT EVER HIT
THE STANDS!

THERE'S A SHRIEK
A SECOND WAITING
FOR YOU --- AND
YOU'LL LOVE IT!
SO RUN ---DO NOT
WALK ---TO YOUR
NEAREST NEWS-
STAND, AND
SAY:



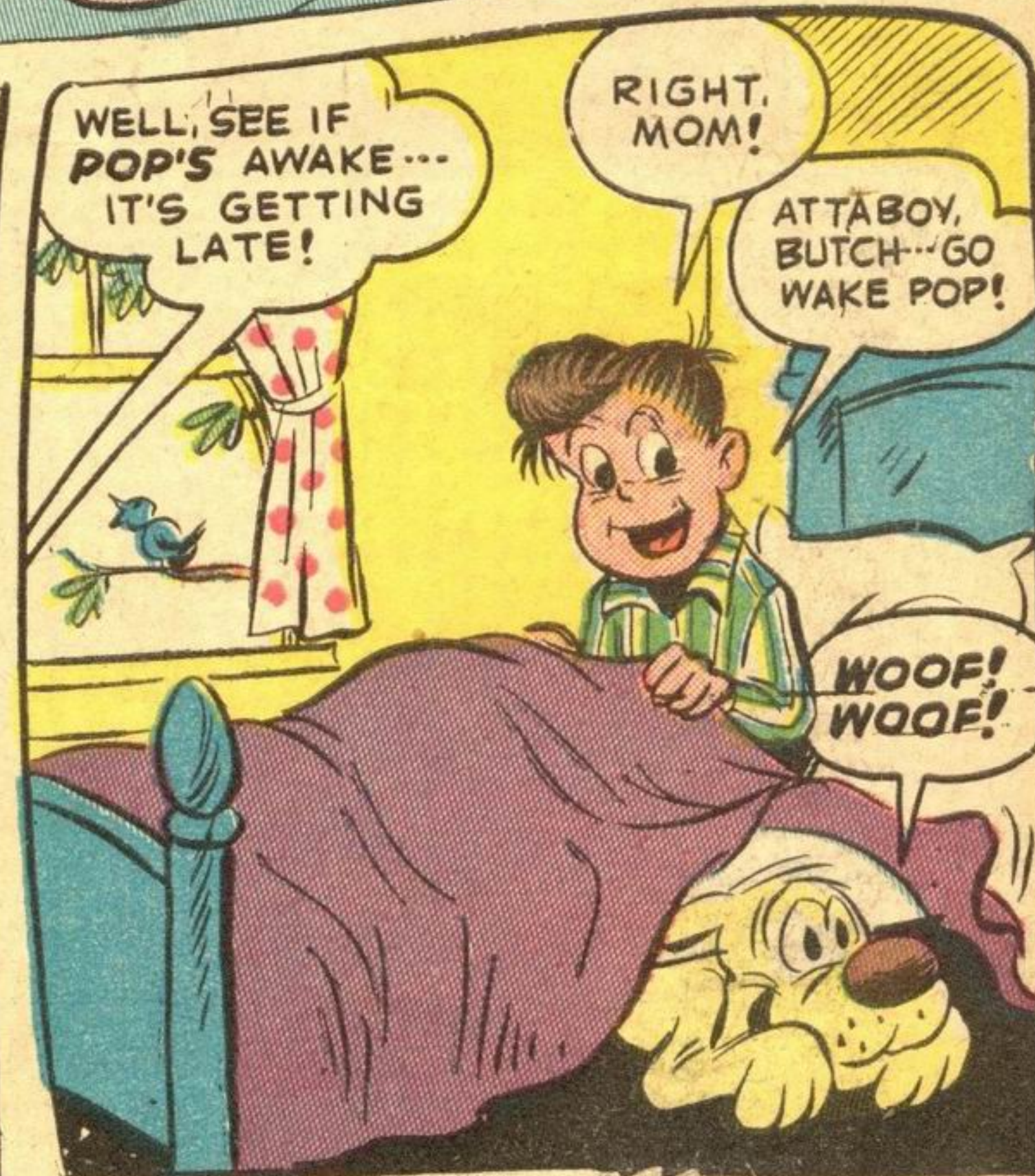
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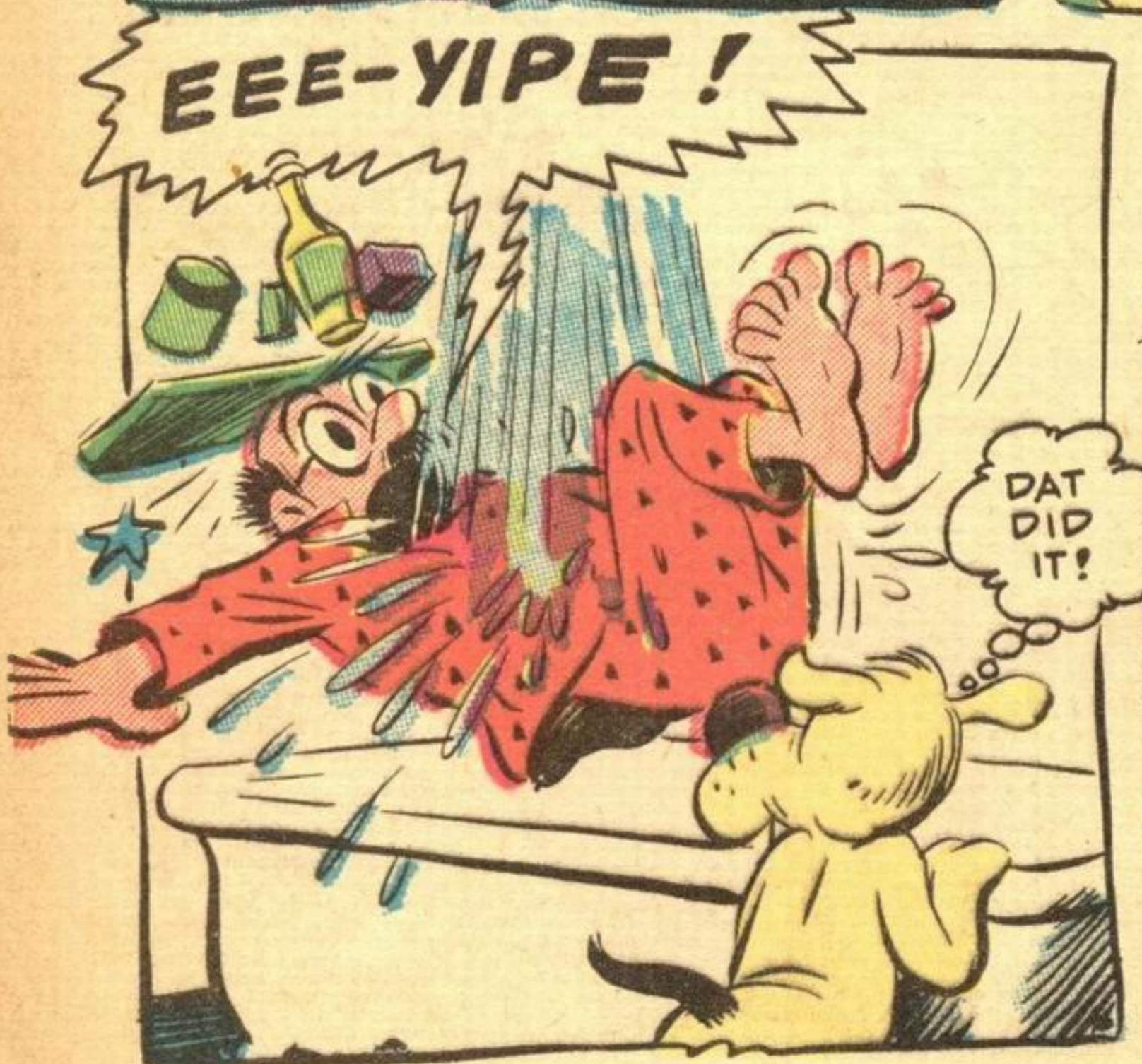
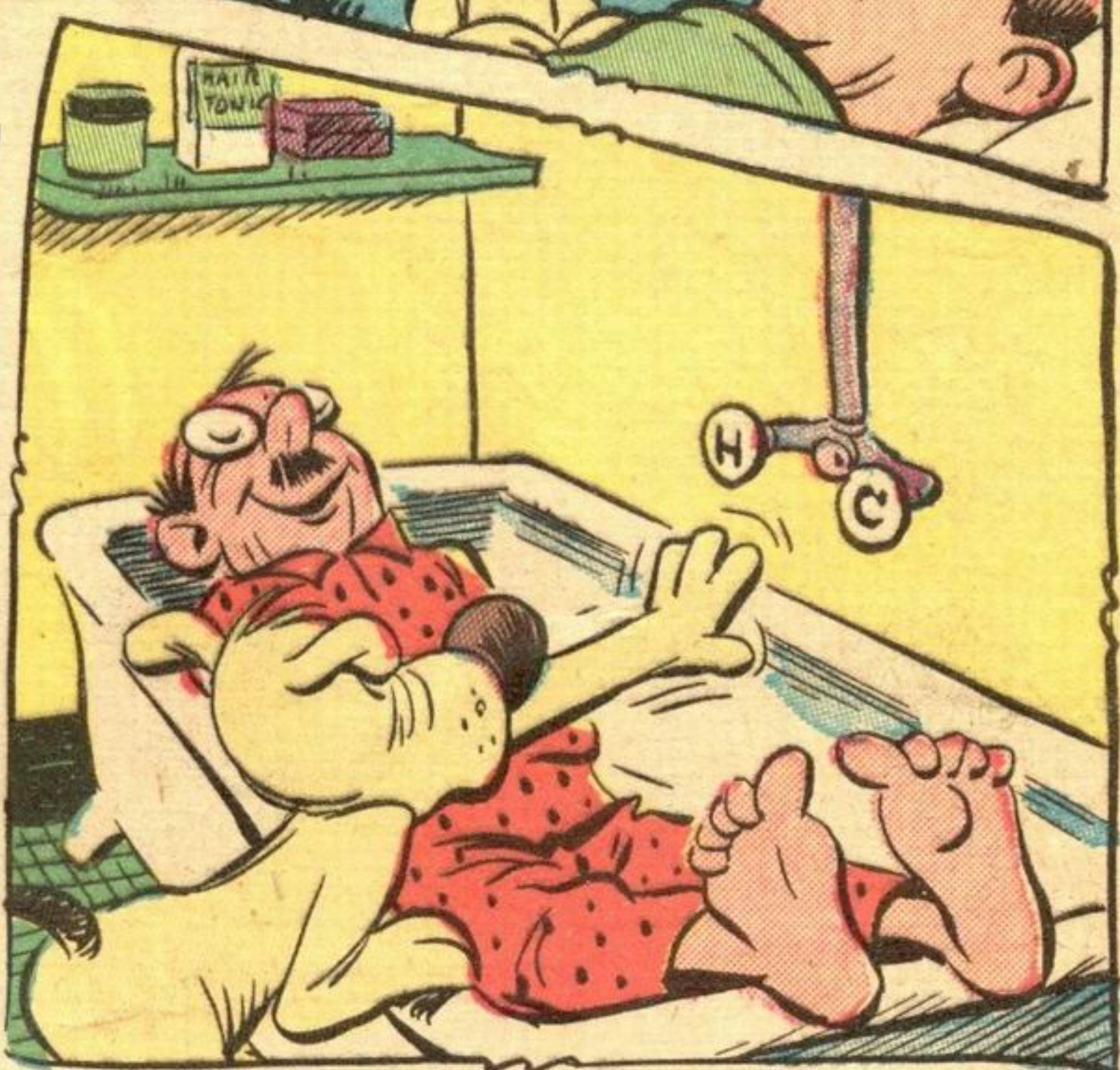
HA HA COMICS

only
10¢

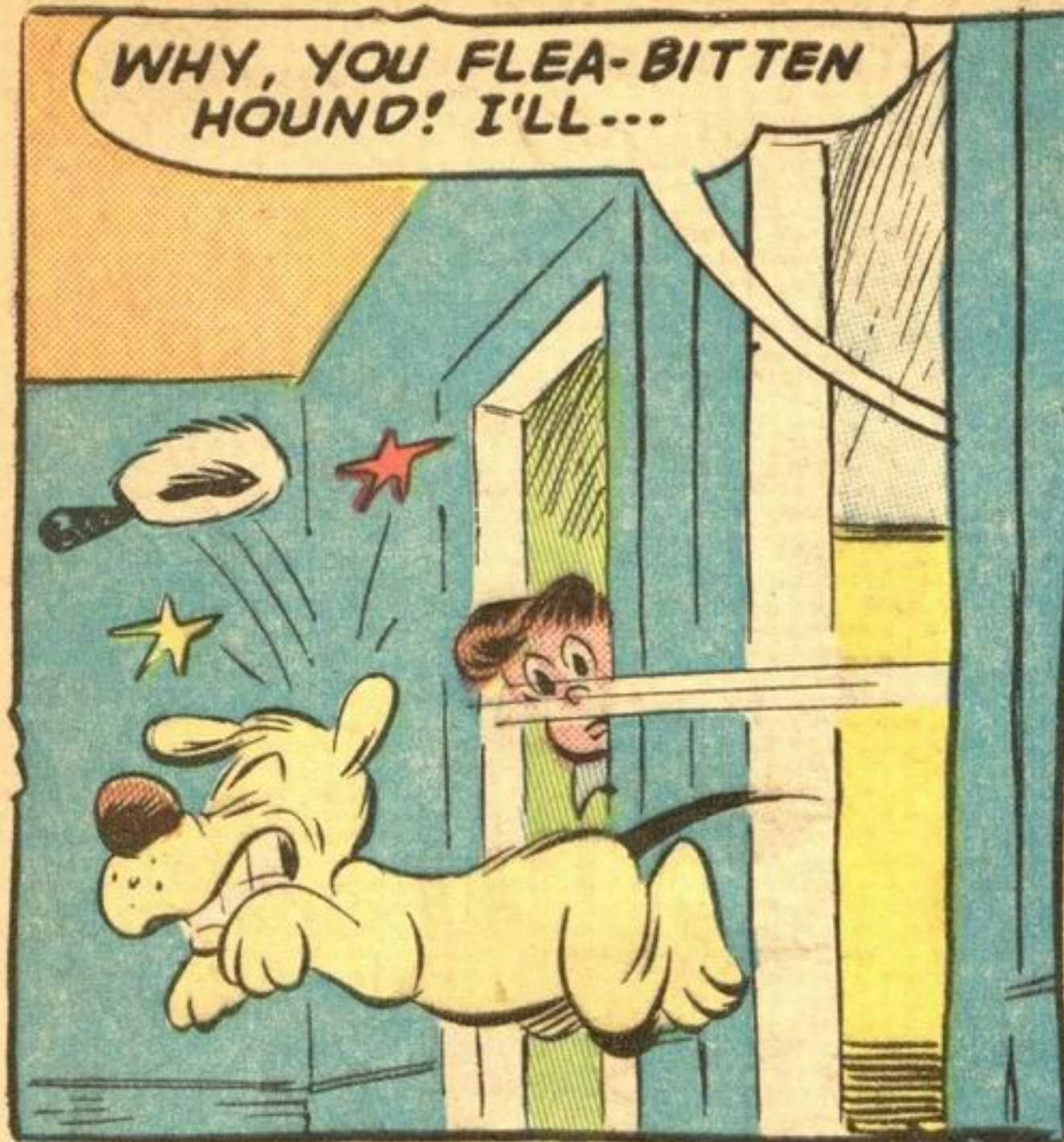
ON ALL STANDS

COOKIE





WHY, YOU FLEA-BITTEN
HOUND! I'LL...



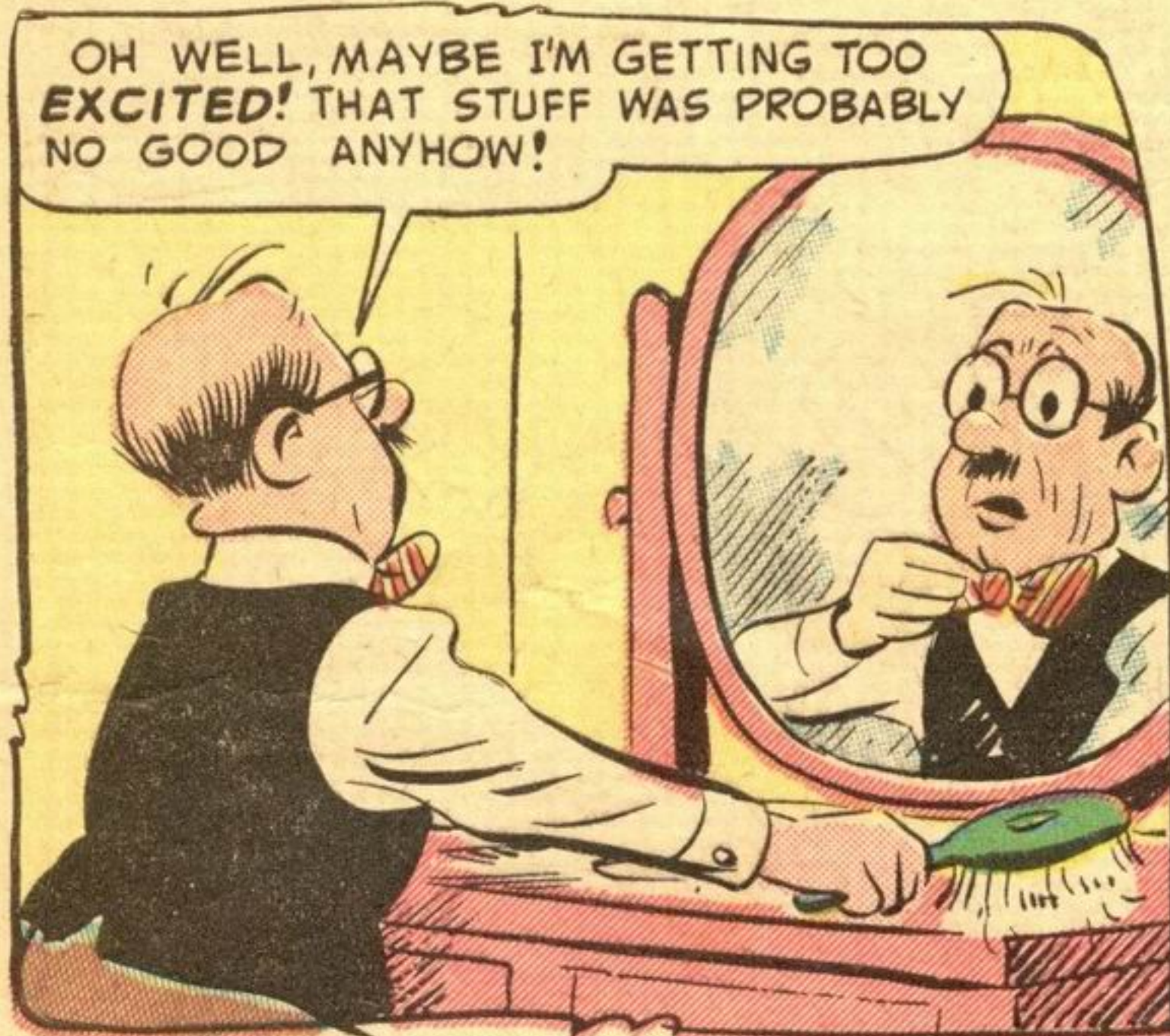
HOLY SOX, POP...
WHAT HAPPENED?



THAT BLAMED DOG! HE
NOT ONLY GOT ME SOAK-
ING WET, BUT HE CAUSED ME
TO SPILL MY NEW BOTTLE
OF HAIR TONIC, TOO!



OH WELL, MAYBE I'M GETTING TOO
EXCITED! THAT STUFF WAS PROBABLY
NO GOOD ANYHOW!



WOT THE...!

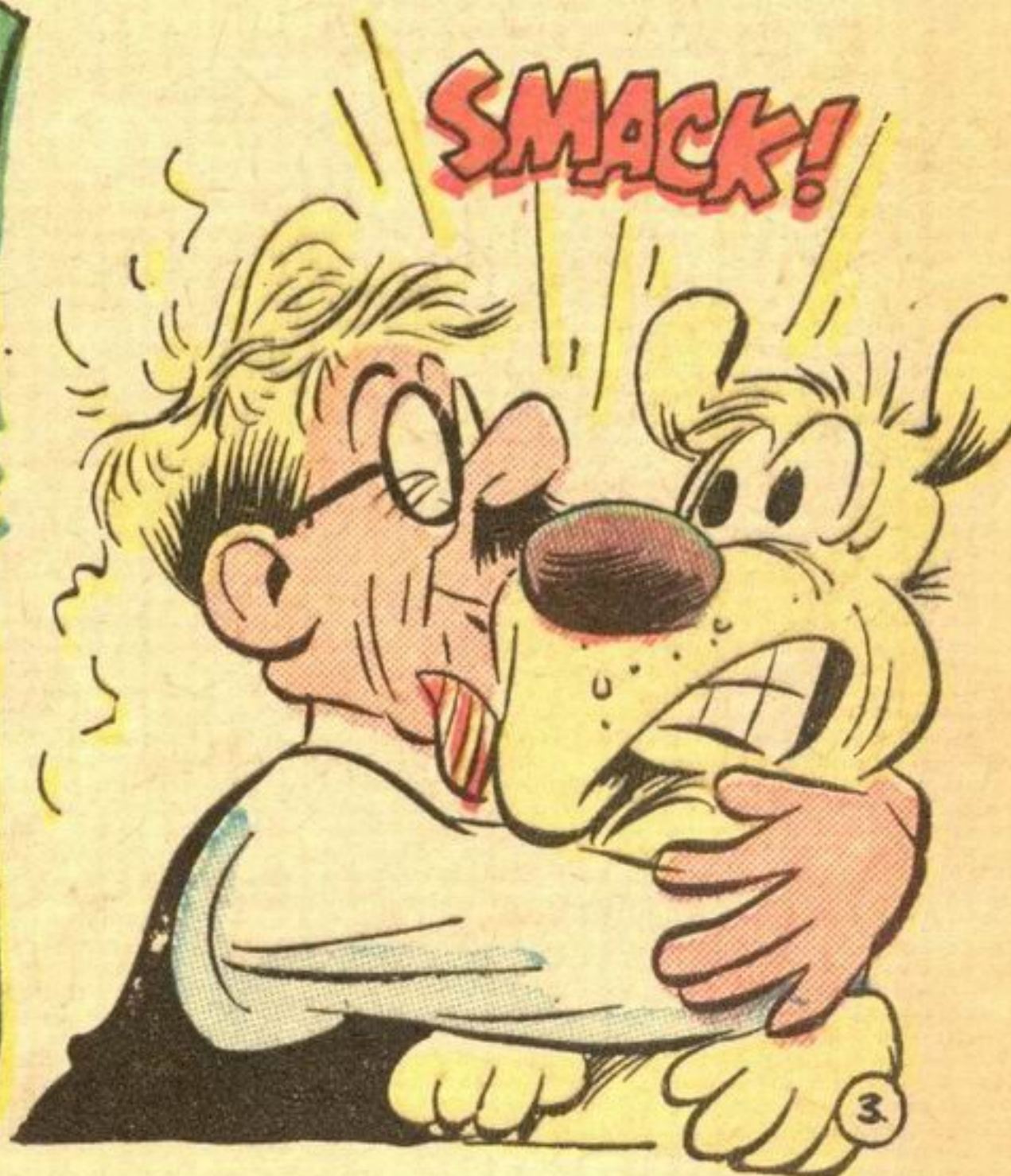


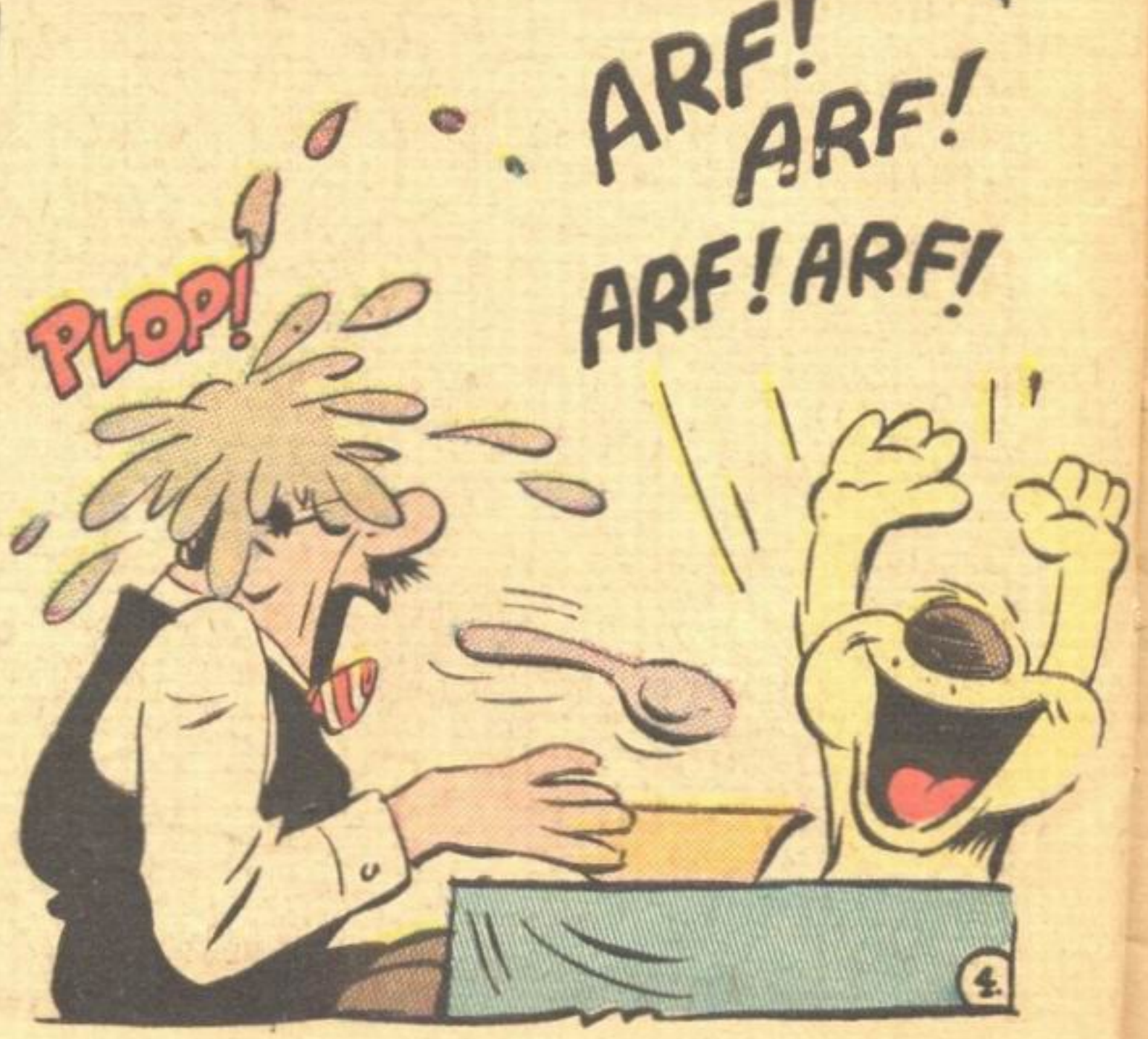
HEY, WHERE'S
THAT DOG?



OH-OH!
BUTCH, WOT
DID YOU
DO NOW?

SMACK!





...SO WHEN THE OATMEAL PLOPS ON POP'S DOME, THE MUTT ROARS...AN' POP GOES OFF HIS TROLLEY AN' SEZ HE WON'T LIVE UNDER THE SAME ROOF WITH HIM...SEZ I GOTTA GET RID OF HIM TODAY!

AW, DON'T WORRY, COOKIE...YOUR POP'LL GET OVER IT BY TOMORROW!

MAYBE...BUT WHERE'S BUTCH GONNA STAY TILL TOMORROW?

THERE'S A KENNEL ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL...YOU CAN LEAVE HIM THERE OVERNIGHT --C'MON!

HEY, WHERE IS THIS KENNEL JOINT, ANYWAY? WE'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! IT'S RIGHT DOWN THE BLOCK!

KENNELS...

OH, PEACHY! NOW WOT?

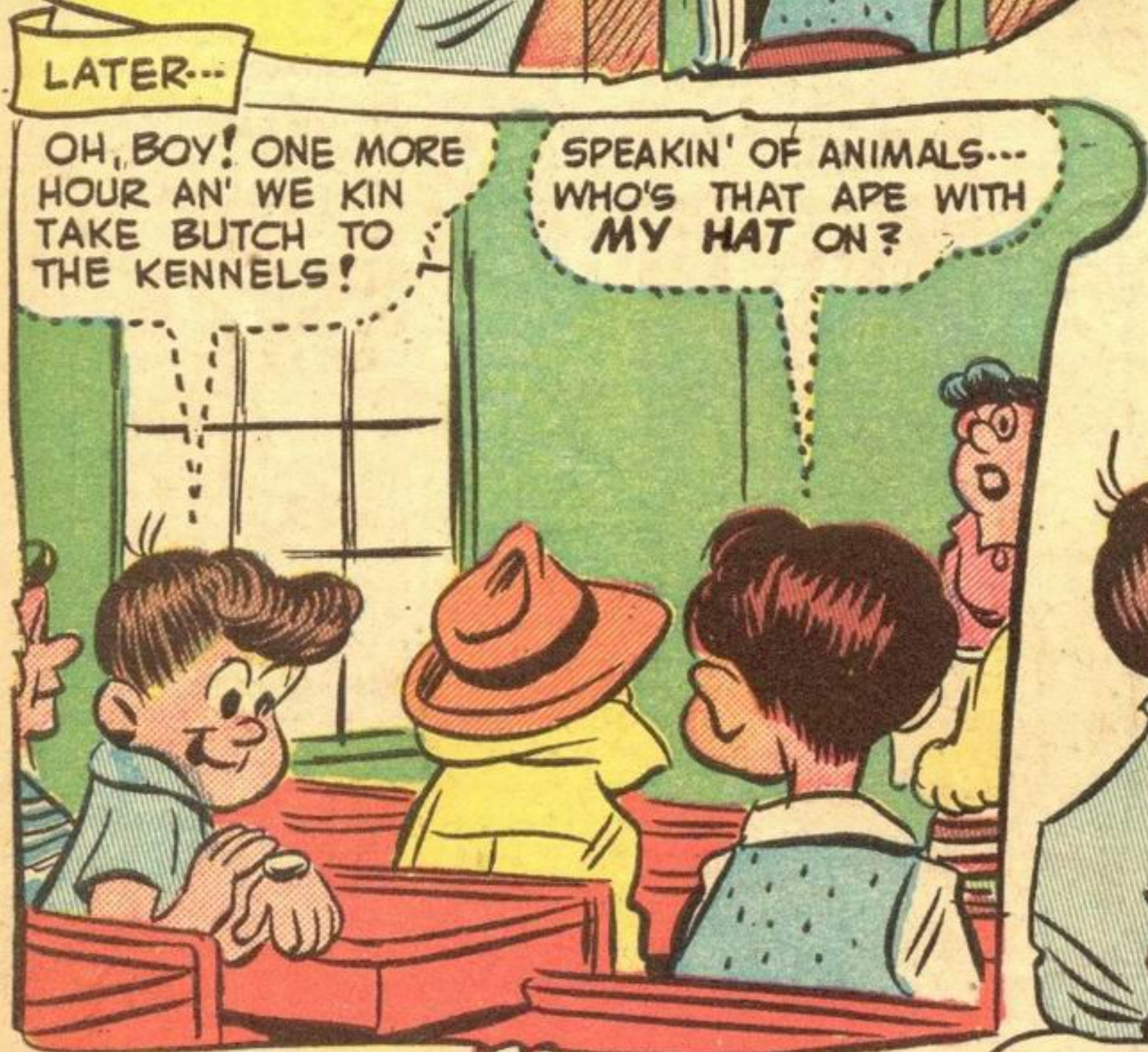
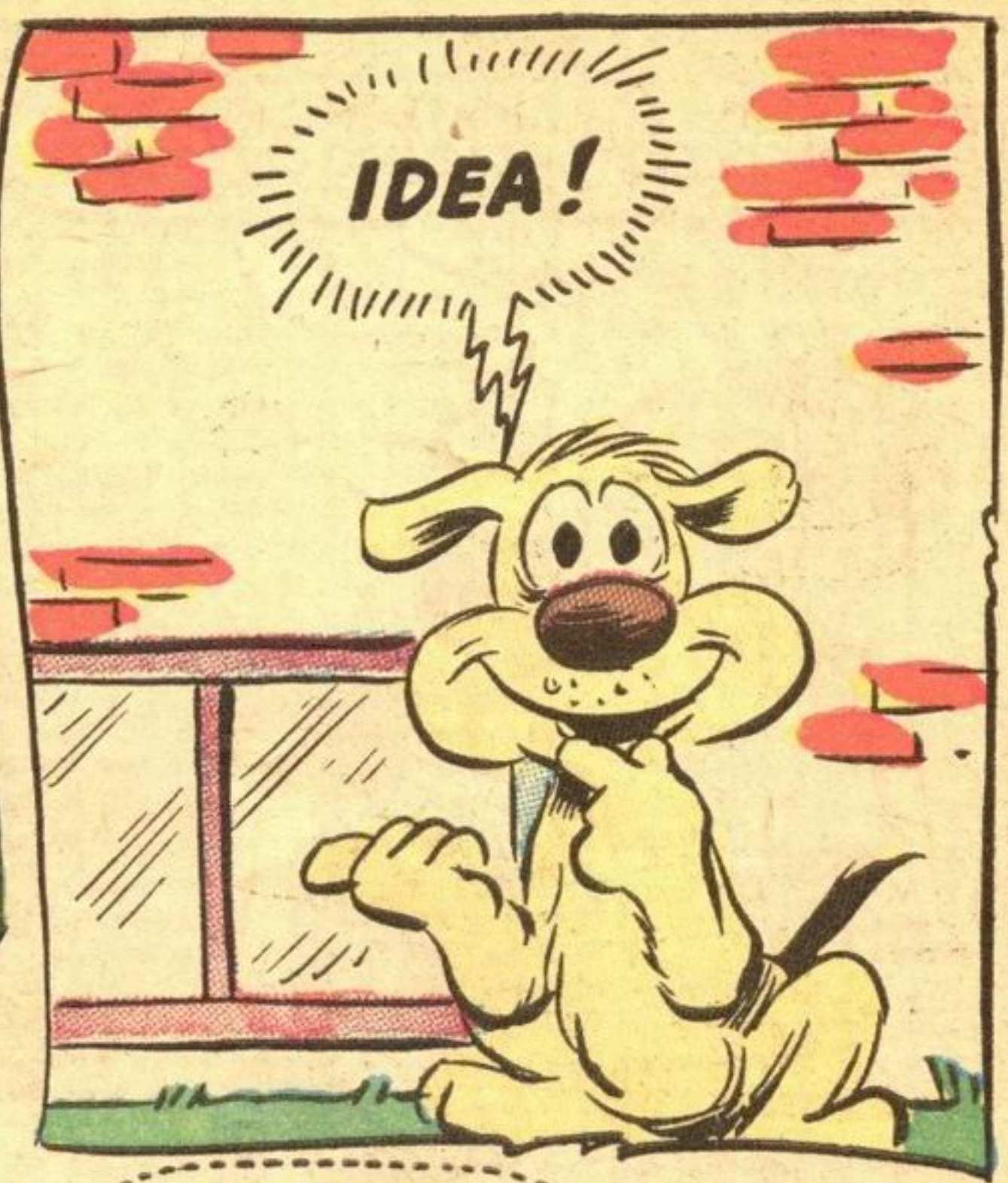
CLOSED
--BE BACK
AT NOON

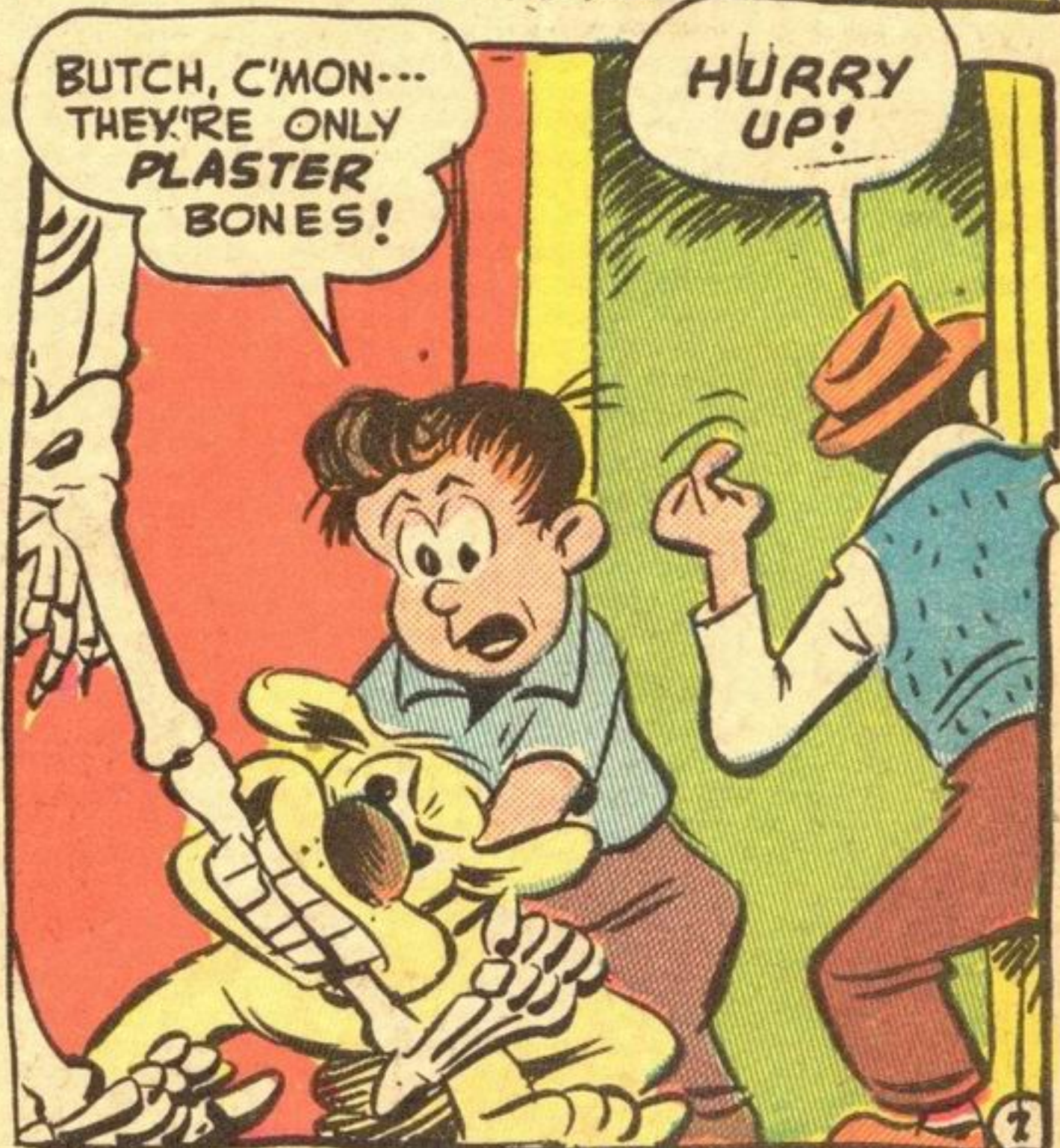
I ONLY KNOW ONE THING! IF WE'RE LATE FOR SCHOOL, THAT MUTT IS GONNA BE A VERY POOR ALIBI!

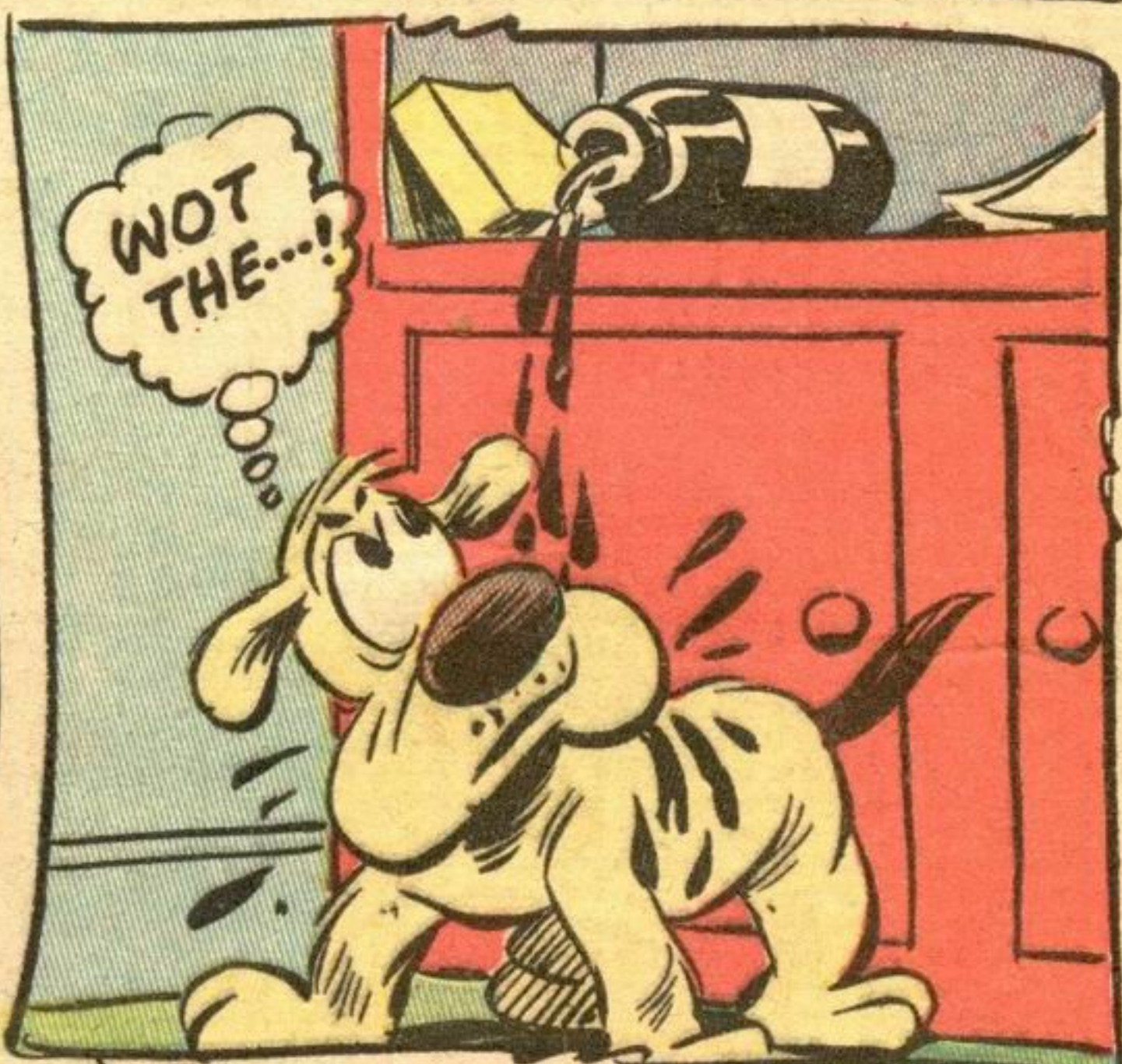
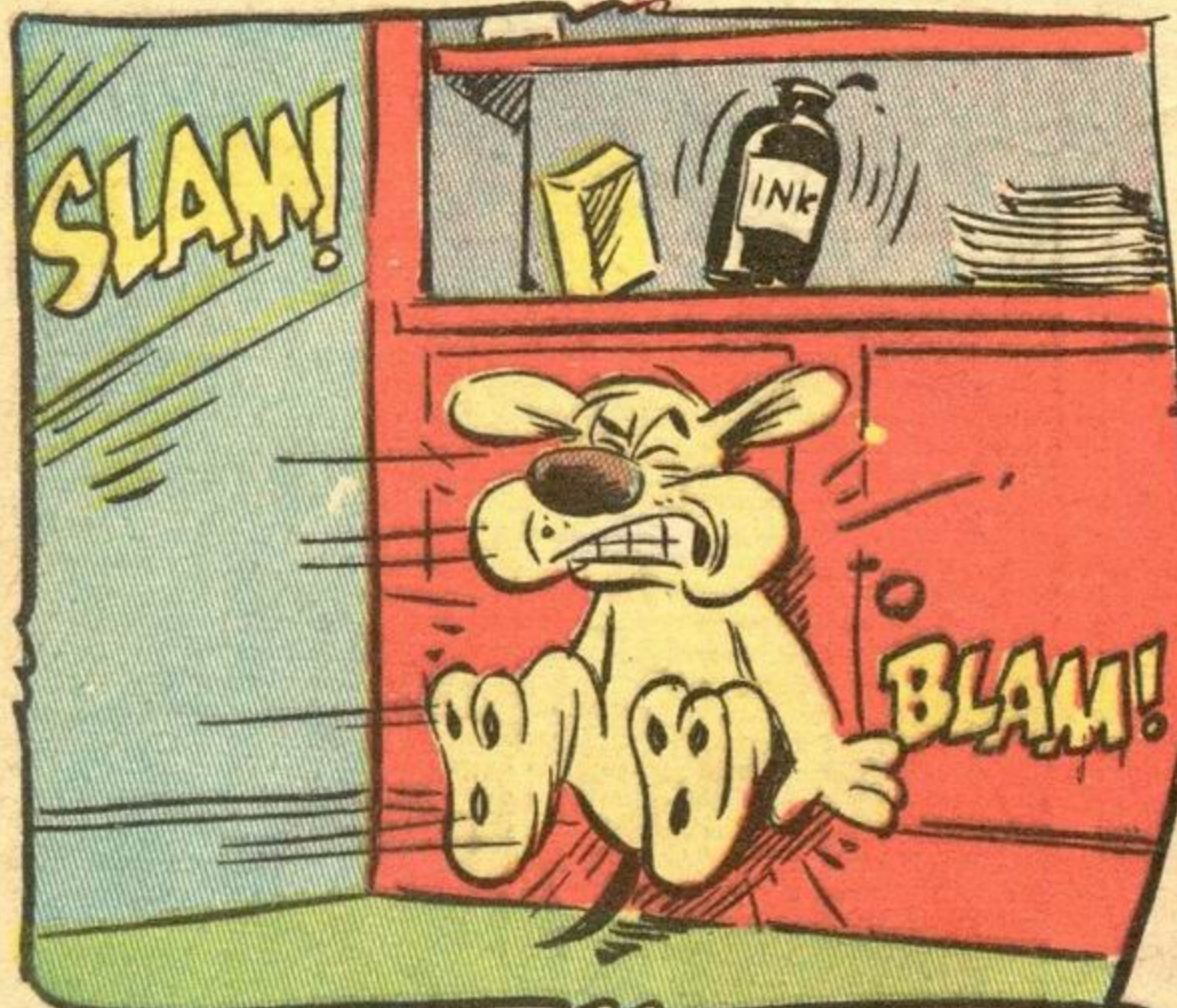
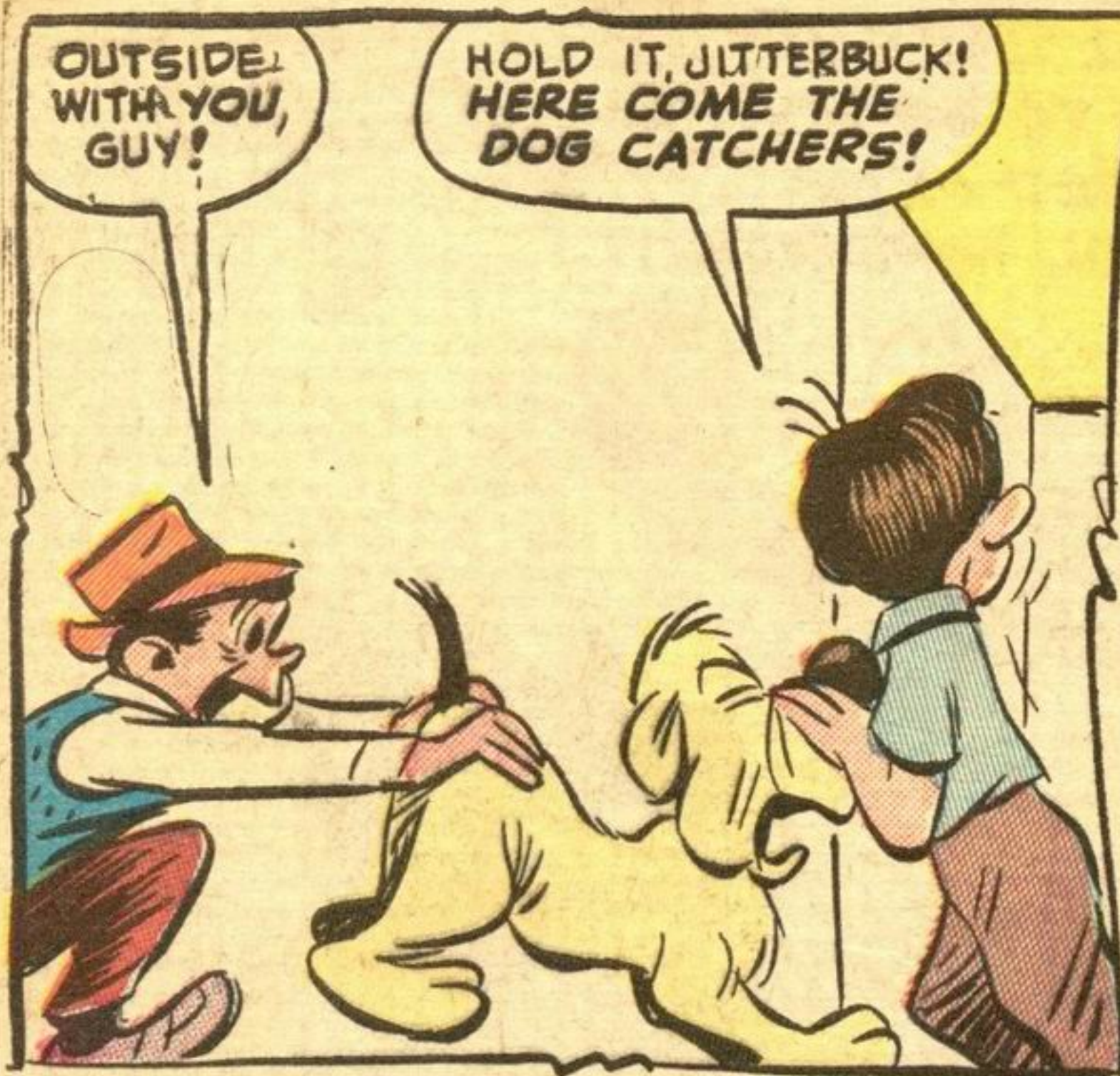
YEAH! BUTCH, YOU'LL JUST HAFTA BE A GOOD GUY AN' WAIT OUTSIDE TILL NOON!

NO BOY, YOU JUST RELAX OUT HERE! THEY DON'T ALLOW DOGS IN SCHOOL!

SOMETIMES I WONDER! --UMM...





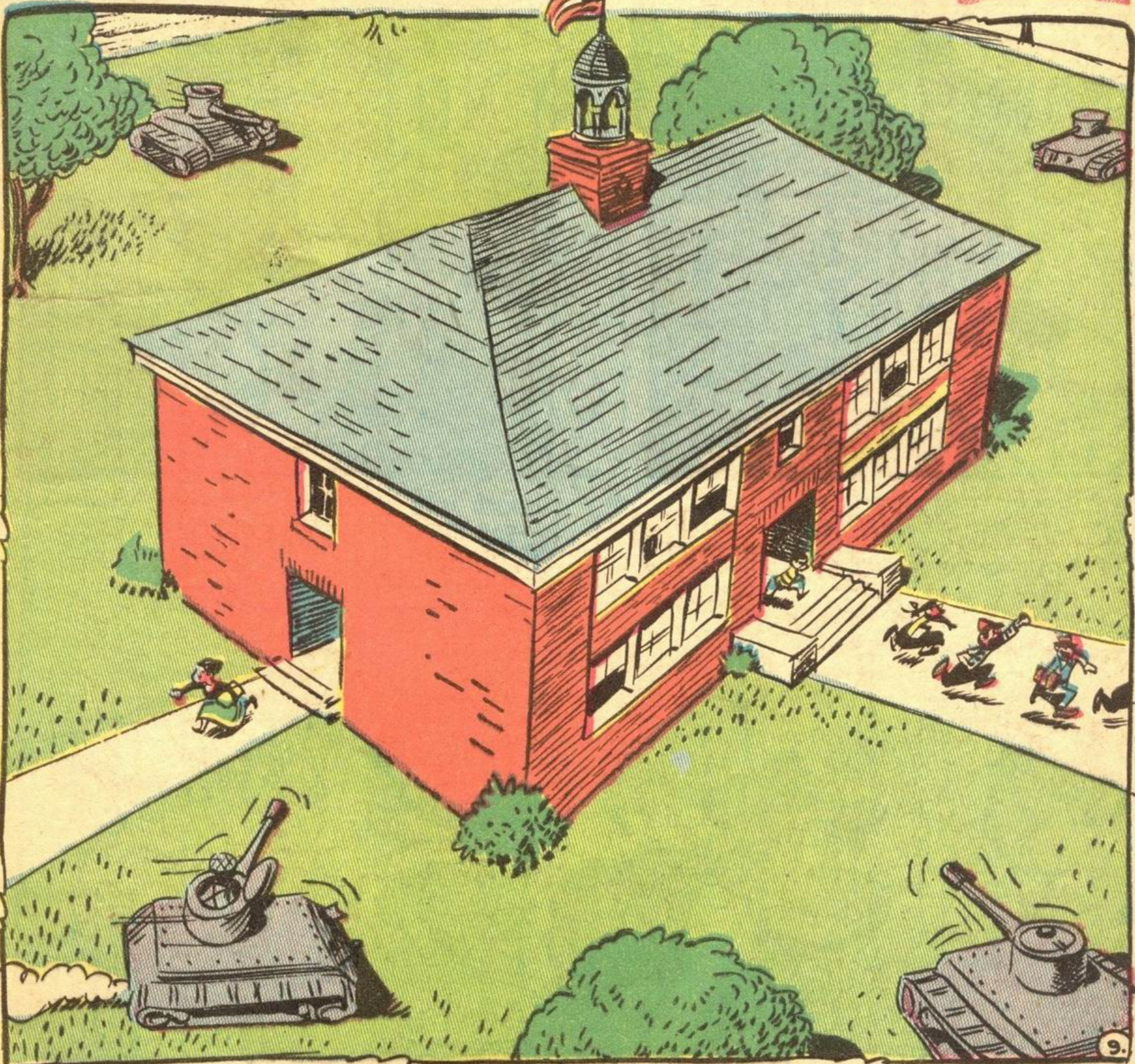
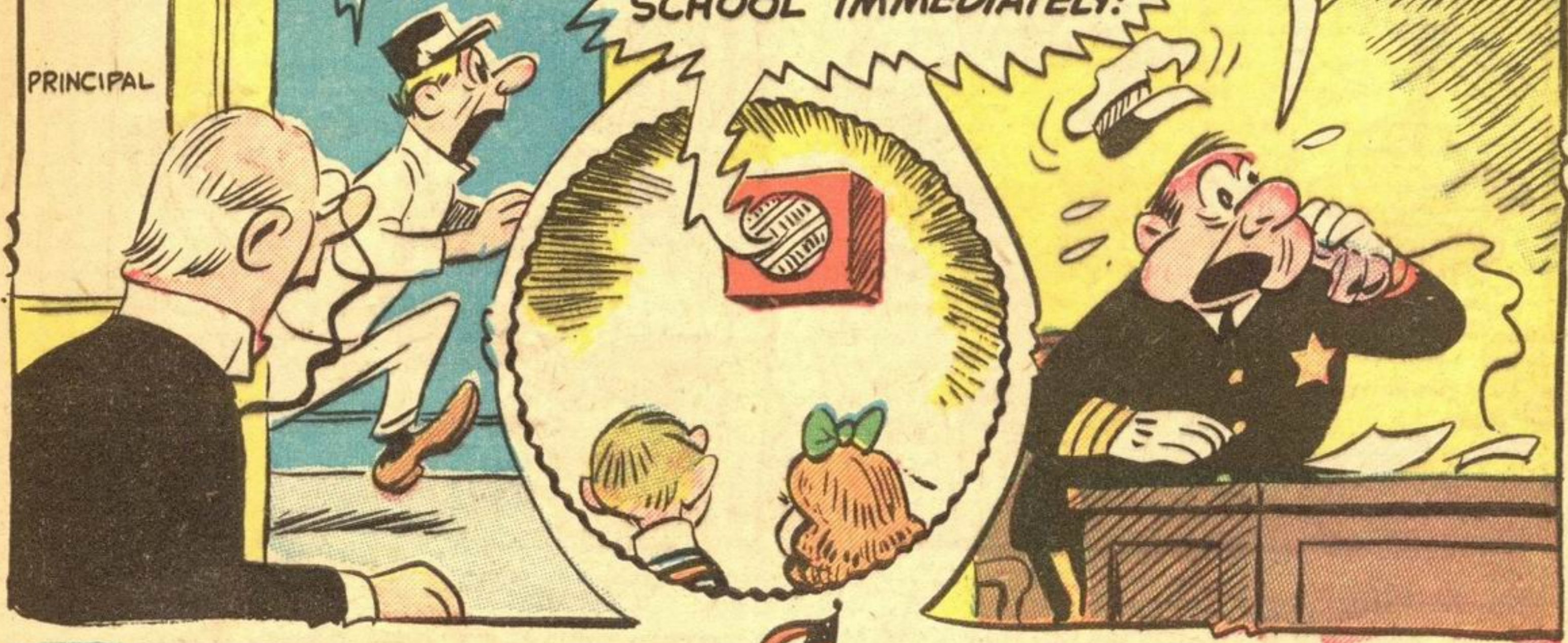


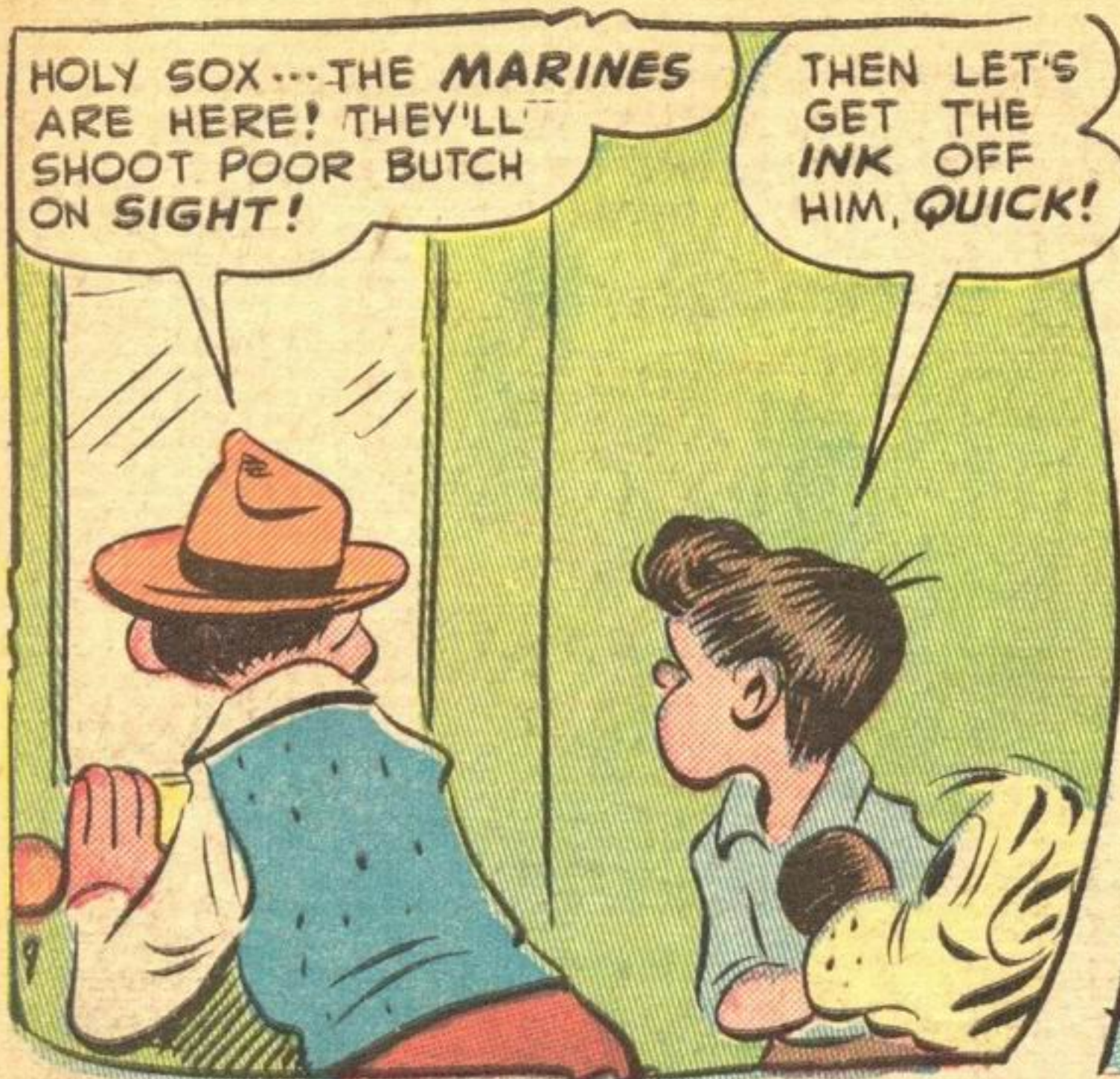
**HELP! POLICE! THERE'S
A TIGER LOOSE!**

PRINCIPAL

**ALL STUDENTS
ARE TO BE DIS-
MISSED FROM
SCHOOL IMMEDIATELY!**

**A TIGER?... NOT
ME! TELL IT TO THE
MARINES!**





HOLY SOX...THE **MARINES** ARE HERE! THEY'LL SHOOT POOR BUTCH ON SIGHT!

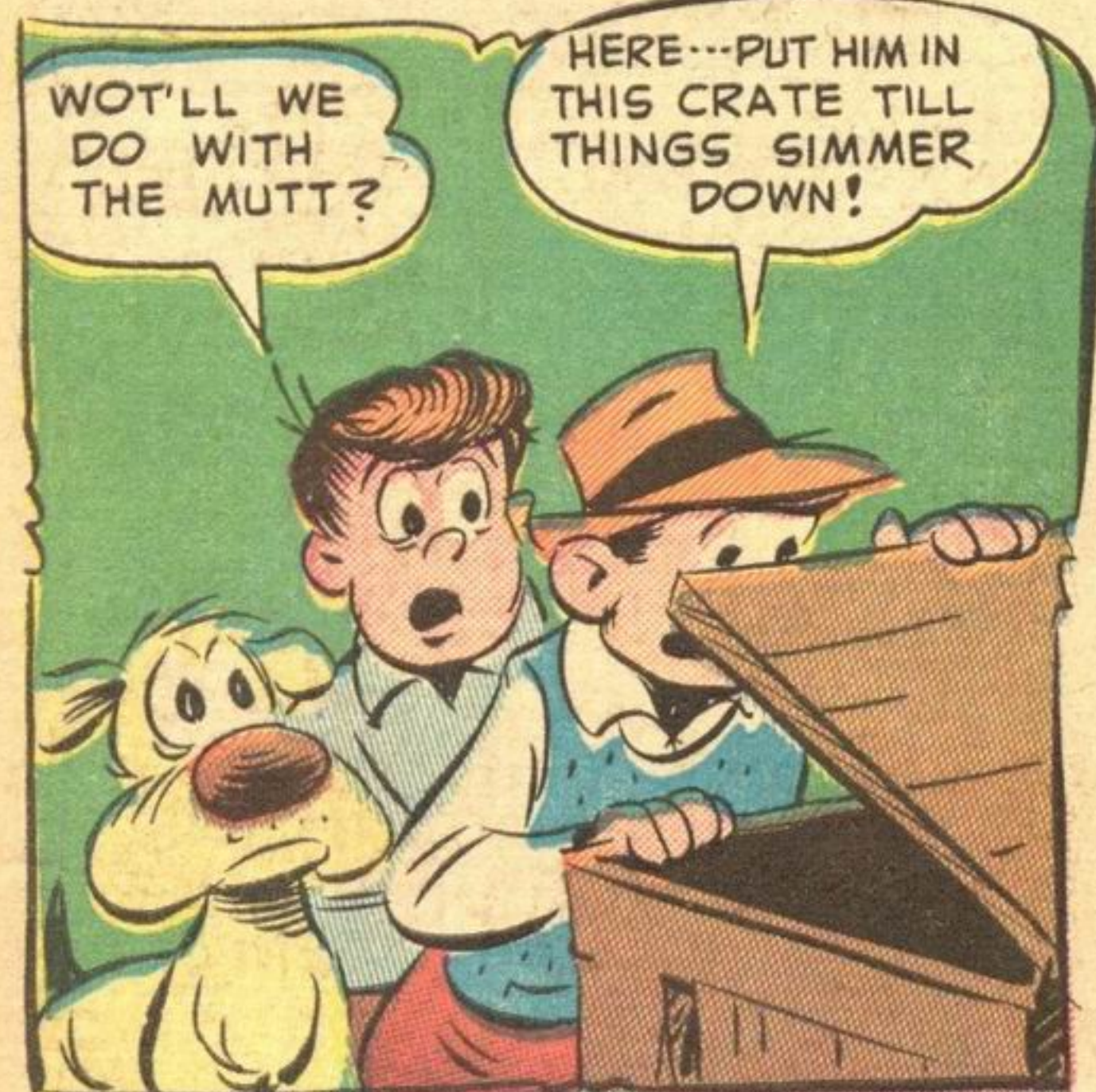
THEN LET'S GET THE **INK** OFF HIM, **QUICK!**



IT'S A GOOD THING THE **PRINCIPAL** DUCKED OUT, TOO... WE CAN USE HIS ROOM!

OH, **YEAH?** WELL, HERE HE COMES **NOW**... WITH THE JANITOR!

PRINCIPAL



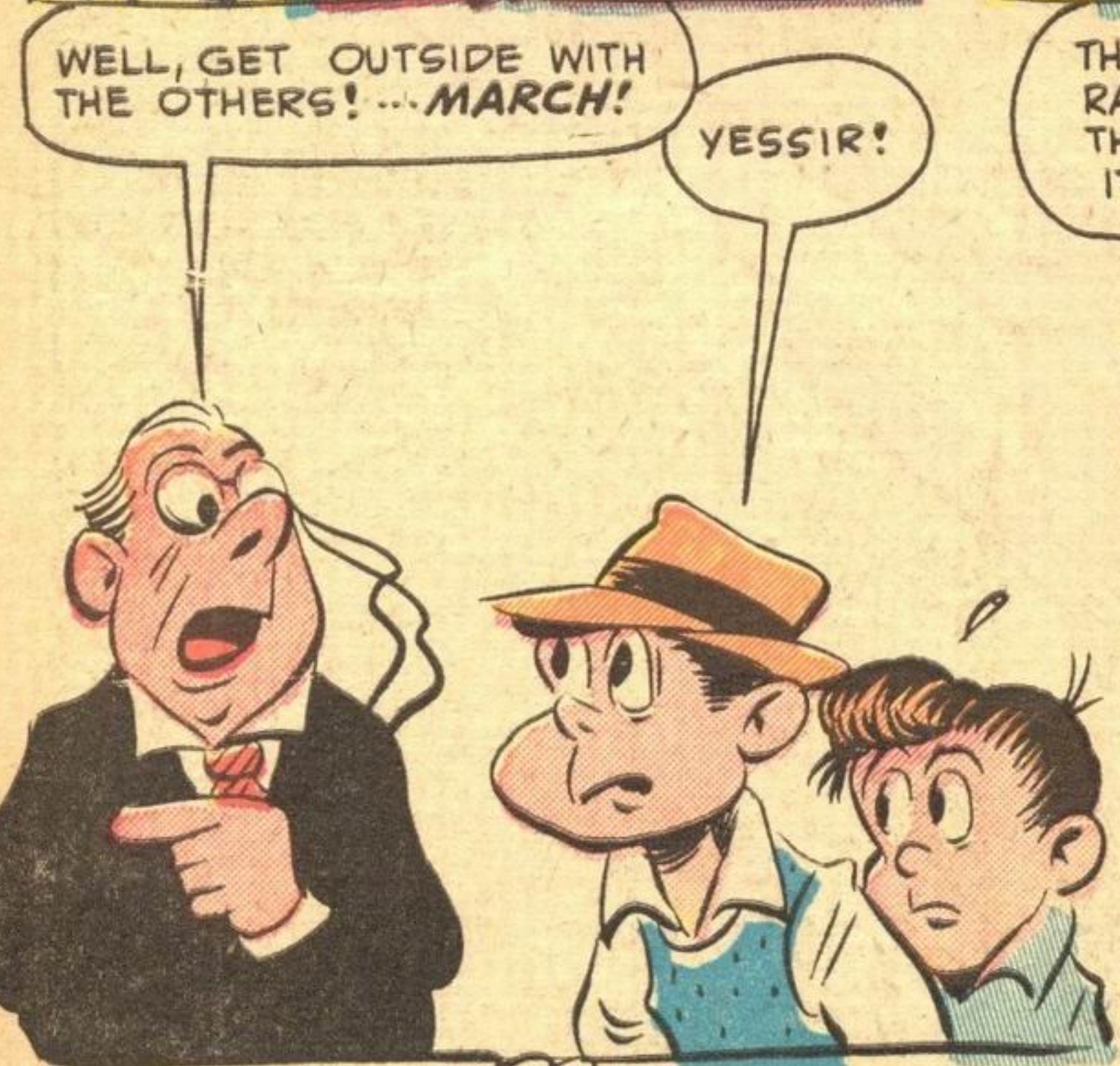
WOT'LL WE DO WITH THE MUTT?

HERE...PUT HIM IN THIS CRATE TILL THINGS SIMMER DOWN!



HERE, HERE, YOU BOYS...WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?

WE---ER--- WE WERE HIDIN' THE MUTT---I MEAN, HIDIN' FROM THE **TIGER**, SIR!



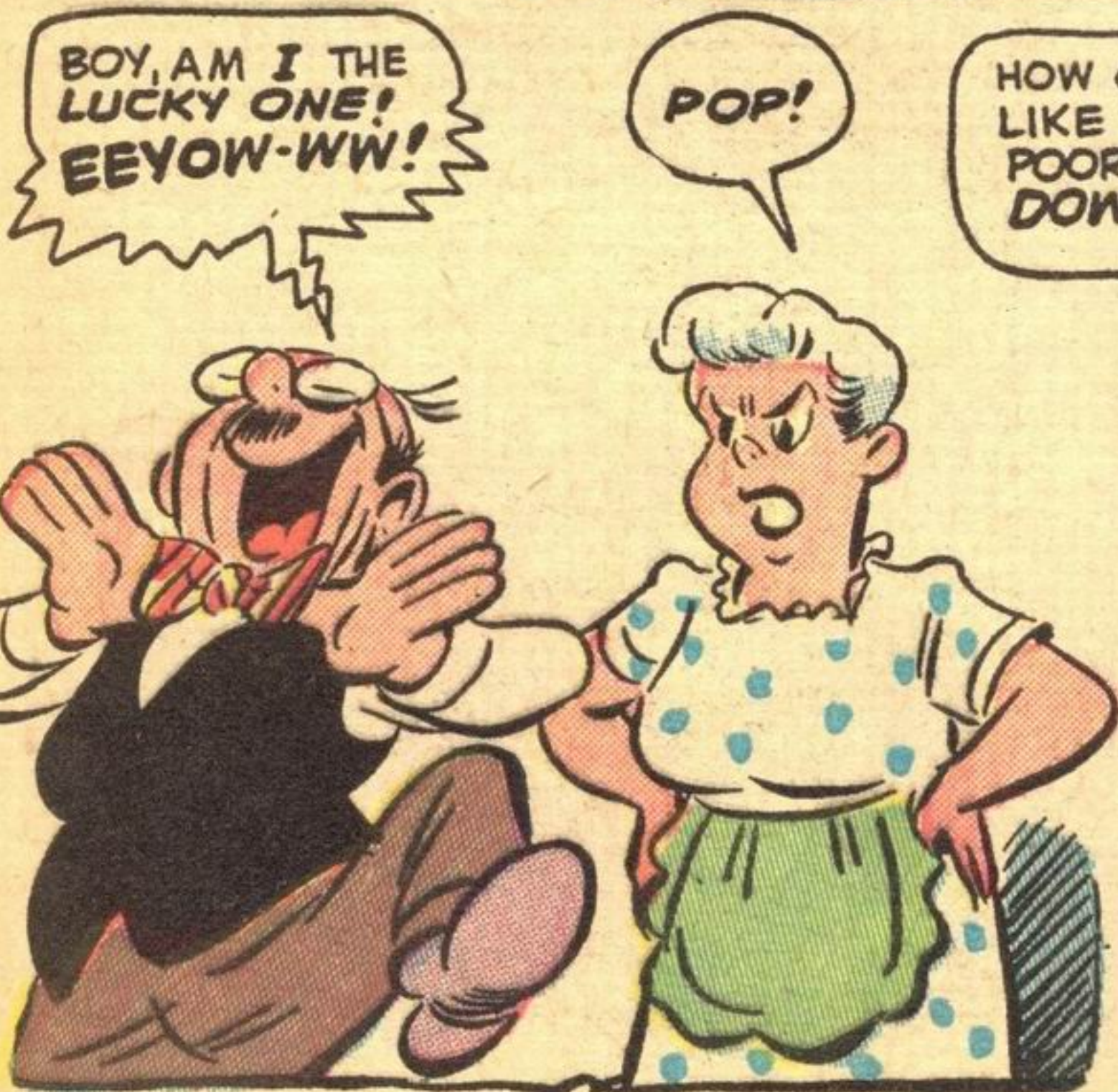
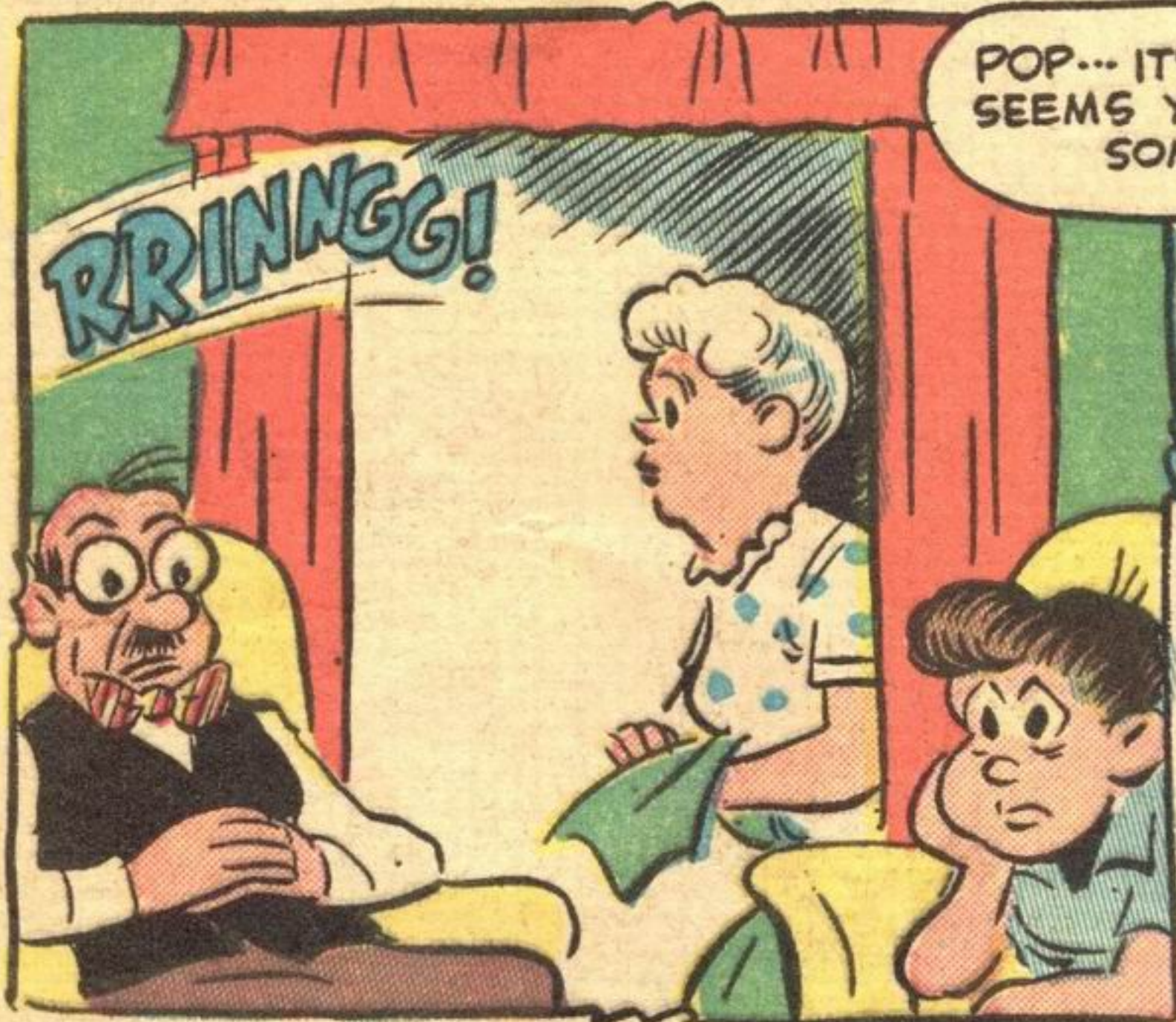
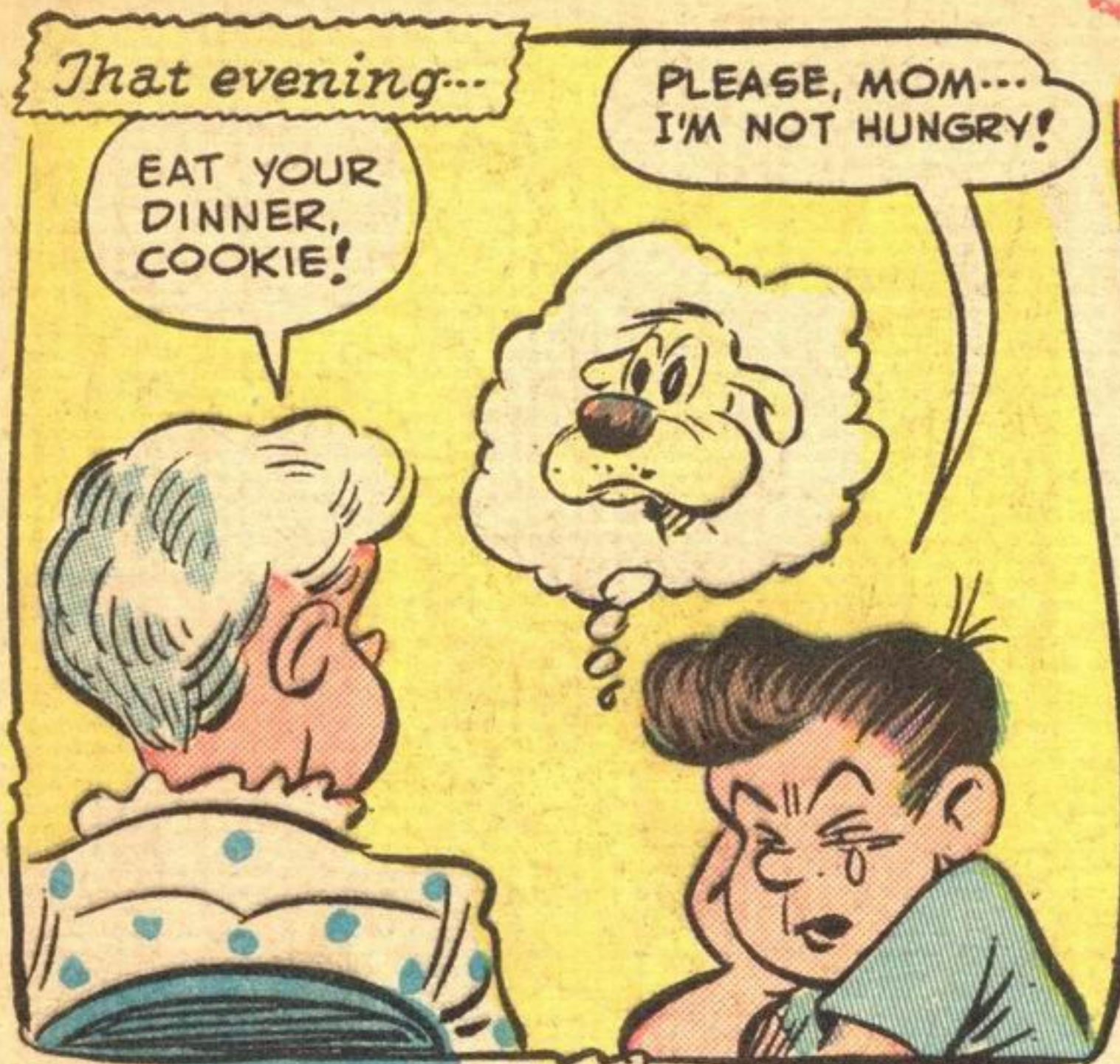
WELL, GET OUTSIDE WITH THE OTHERS!...**MARCH!**

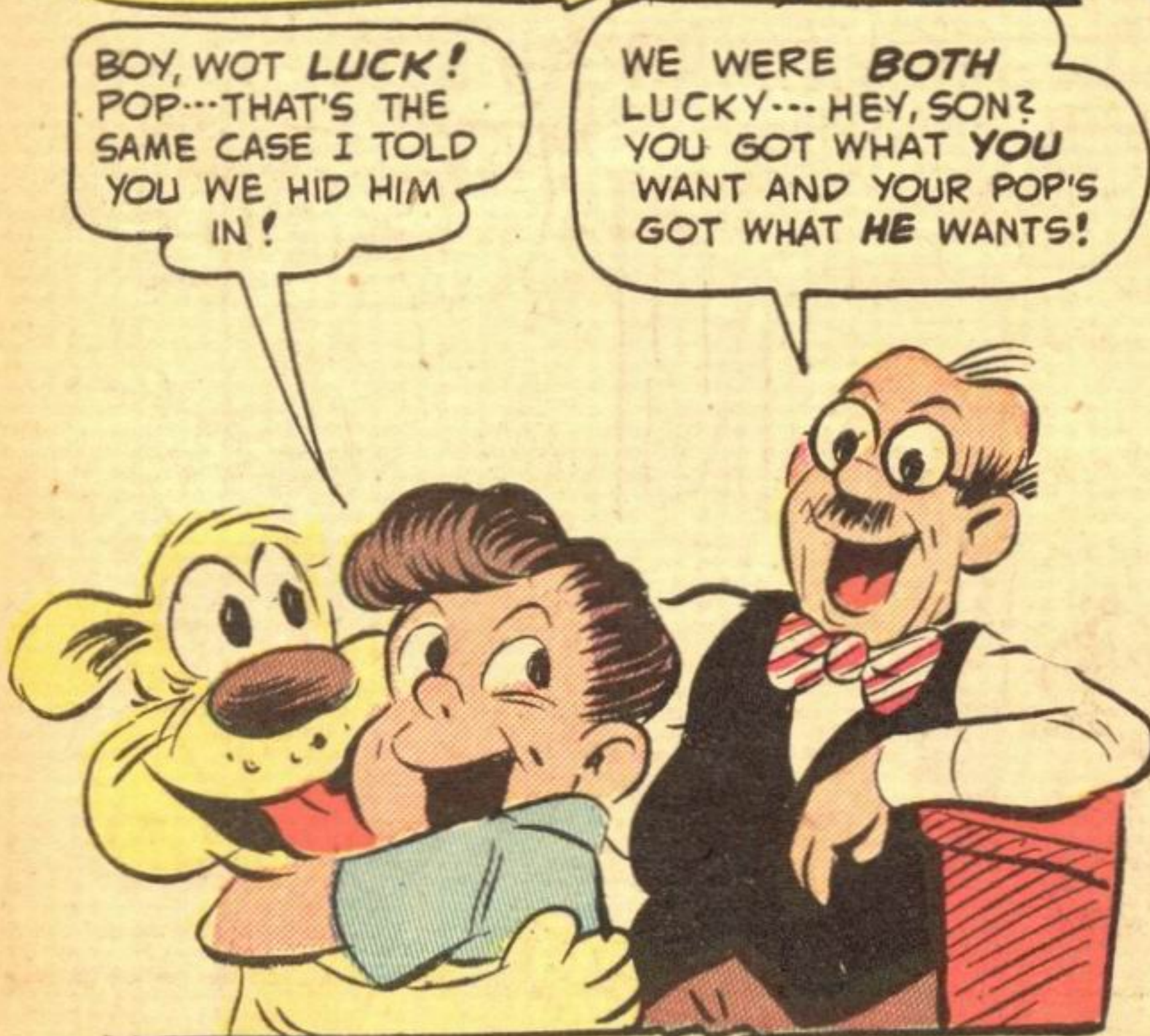
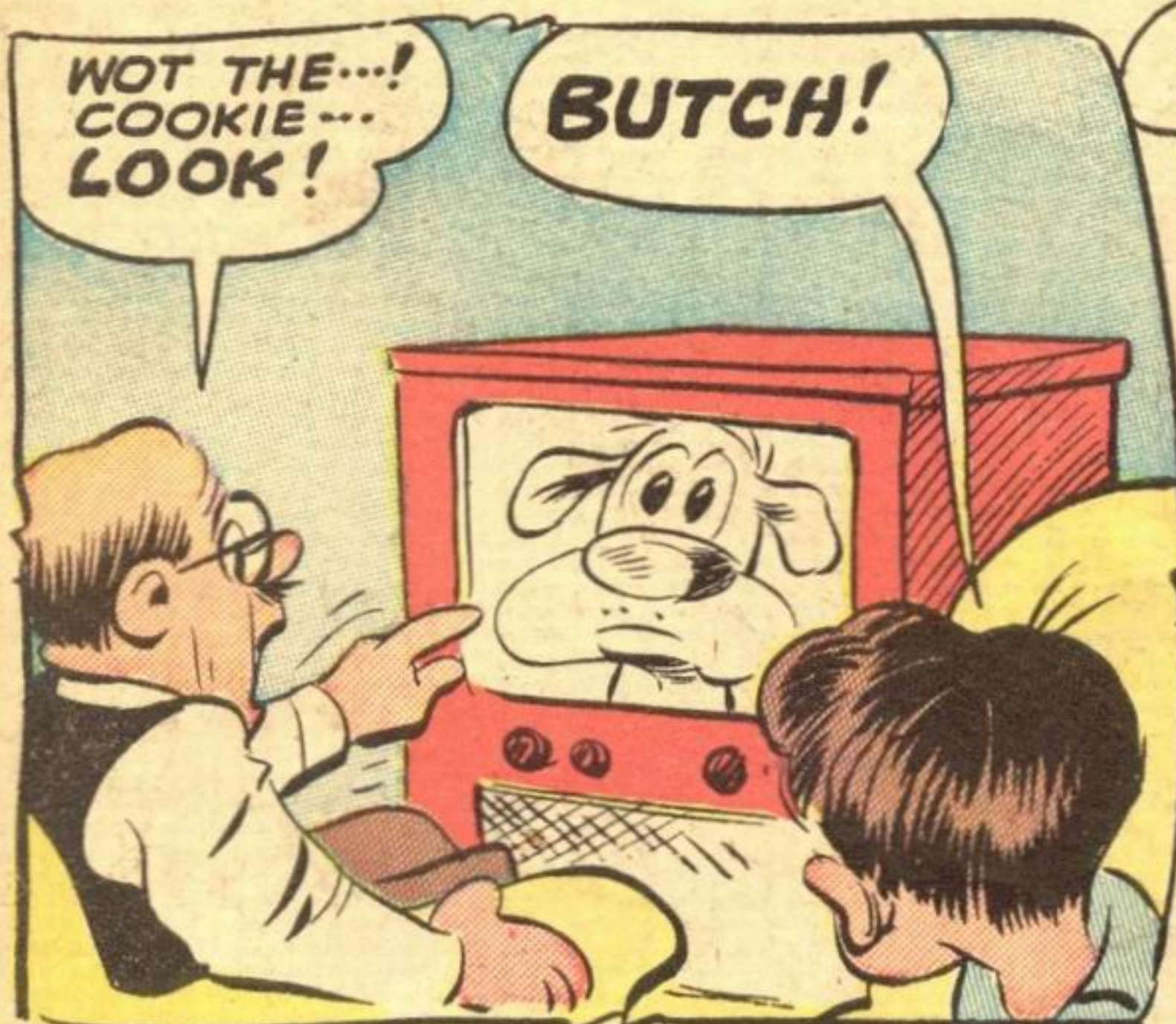
YESSIR!



THERE'S THE CRATE THERE...IT'S A RAFFLE PRIZE TO BE GIVEN AWAY AT THE KIWANIS' CLUB TODAY! HANDLE IT WITH **CARE**, PLEASE!

?





-Hi Fellows! The NEW

LIONEL TRAINS

Catalog is Ready



**SEE THE NEW
DIESEL LOCOS-
and the marvelous
DIESEL SWITCHER**

Boy! — I'll bet you and dad are planning a new and bigger LIONEL Railroad for this Christmas! Lots of new LIONEL locos, cars, and accessories to choose from! You know, boys, nobody but LIONEL gives you true railroad realism. The new 1949 catalog tells all about the famous LIONEL smoke puffing locos, the built-in real R.R. whistles, and the sensational Lionel Electronic Railroad. LIONEL Train Sets priced from as little as \$15.95.

See Lionel trains at
your favorite store.

WRITE FOR THE CATALOG TODAY!

LIONEL TRAINS

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Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York

I enclose 10c. Please send me the new 40-page,
full-color Lionel Train Catalog for 1949.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

GUS

I'M ON MY WAY DOWN TO HAVE MY PICTURE TAKEN, LORRIE! WANNA TAG ALONG?

SURE, I'D LOVE TO, GUS!

YOU CAN WATCH ME KEEP AN EYE ON THIS PHOTOGRAPHER! I UNDERSTAND HE'S A GYP ARTIST!



AW, C'MON, SAL, GO TO THE DANCE TONIGHT WITH ME! YOU'VE DATED THIS DROOP-SHOOT ENUFF!

OH, BOYS, STOP YOUR BICKERING! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF IT!

DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO MUTTON-HEAD! IT'S MY TURN!

I'M SICK OF HEARING YOU DO-NOTHINGS WRANGLE! BESIDES, I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN OF ACTION, WHO **THINKS!**

THINKS?!

HEY, SAL, WHAT DO YA MEAN BY "A MAN WHO **THINKS**"?!

—A MAN WHO CAN **INVENT** WONDERFUL THINGS!

A MAN OF PROGRESS! THE MAN WHO INVENTED **THIS**, FOR INSTANCE!

HMM, LOOKS EASY ENUFF!



WELL, MY DEAR, YOU'VE COME TO THE **RIGHT** PARTY! I'M JUST **FULL** OF IDEAS, INCLUDING, SNAPPY INVENTIONS!

I'LL MATCH **MY** BRAINS WITH THE BEST OF 'EM!

ME TOO!

WELL, YOU'VE GOT TO **SHOW** ME!



WELL, BACK TO THE OL' DRAWING BOARD!

I WANT **RESULTS**, NOT JUST WORDS!

SCIENCE IS ABOUT TO STEP FORWARD ANOTHER 25 YEARS!

AT LEAST !!



THAT NIGHT, SLINKY LOOKS UP AN OLD FRIEND, GEORGE GIMMICK, A CON MAN IF THERE EVER WAS ONE ...

NOW HERE'S THE PITCH, GEORGE... I WANT YOU TO SPONSOR AN INVENTOR'S EXHIBITION, BUT SPONSORED ON THE **Q.T.** BY **ME**— GET IT ?

GO ON...

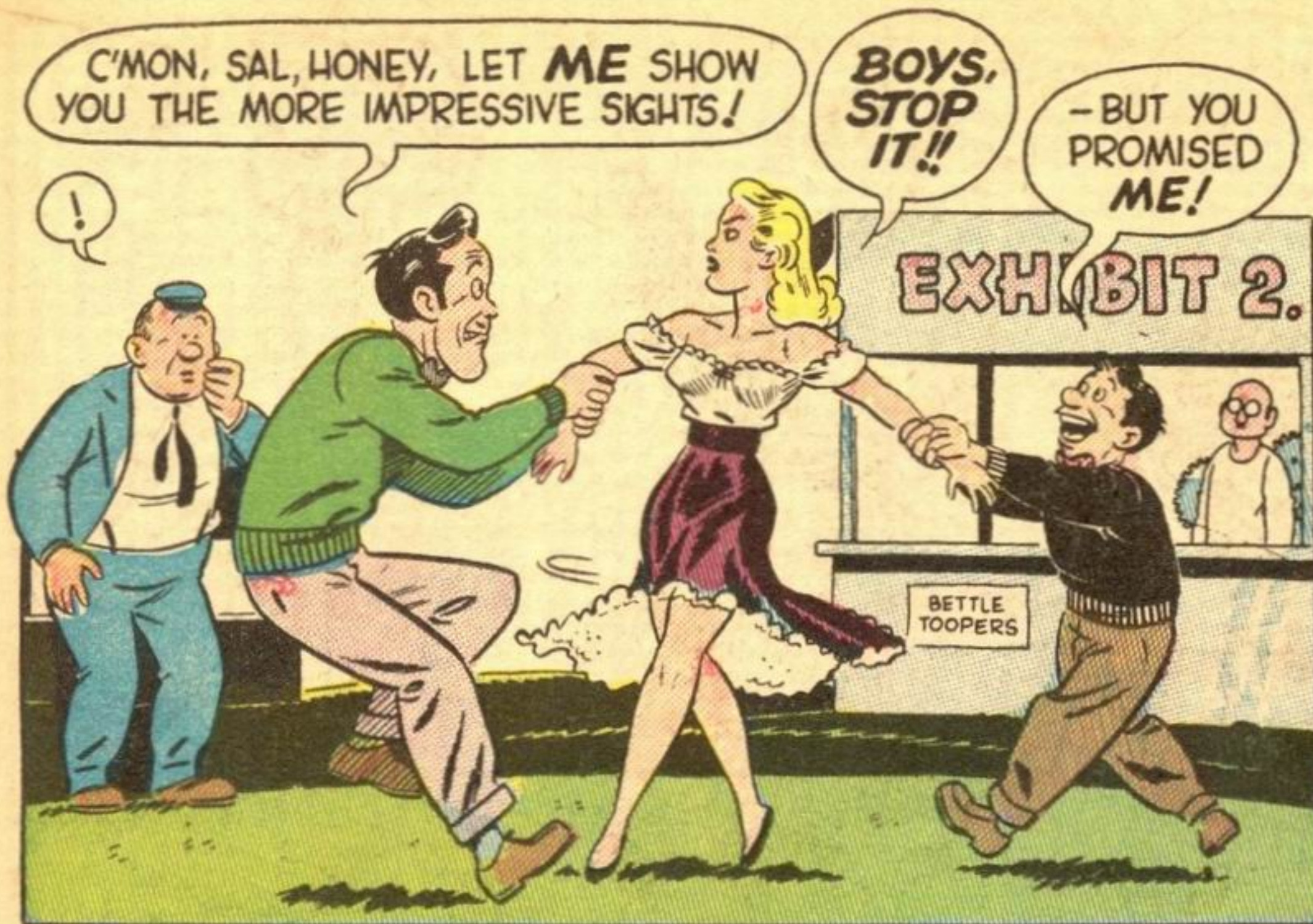


...AND THEN WHEN IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO AWARD FIRST PRIZE FOR THE BEST INVENTION, YOU, NATURALLY PICK MINE!

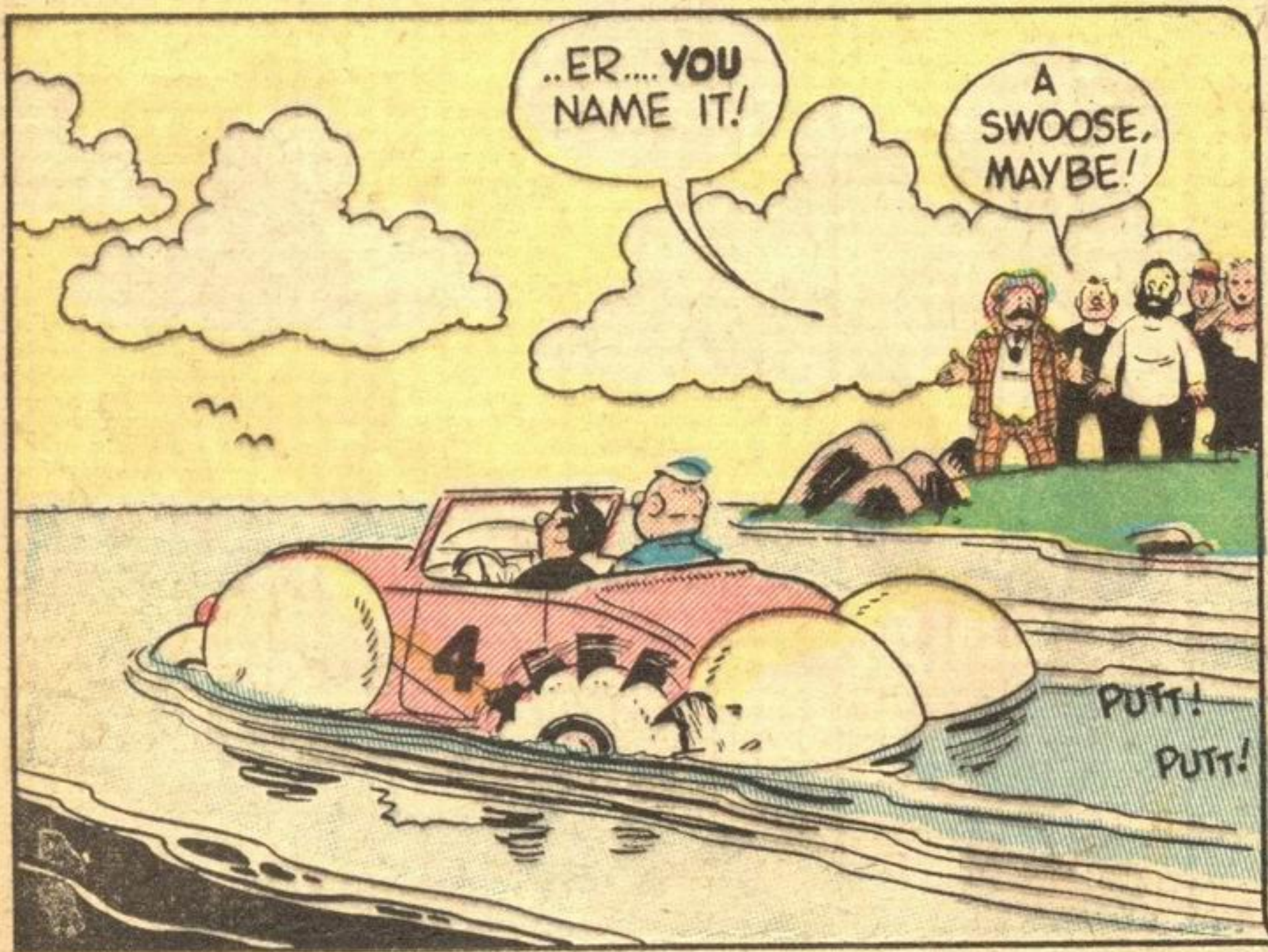
NATURALLY! AND THEN YOU GET THE GIRL! HEH! HEH! JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO OL' GEORGE GIMMICK.

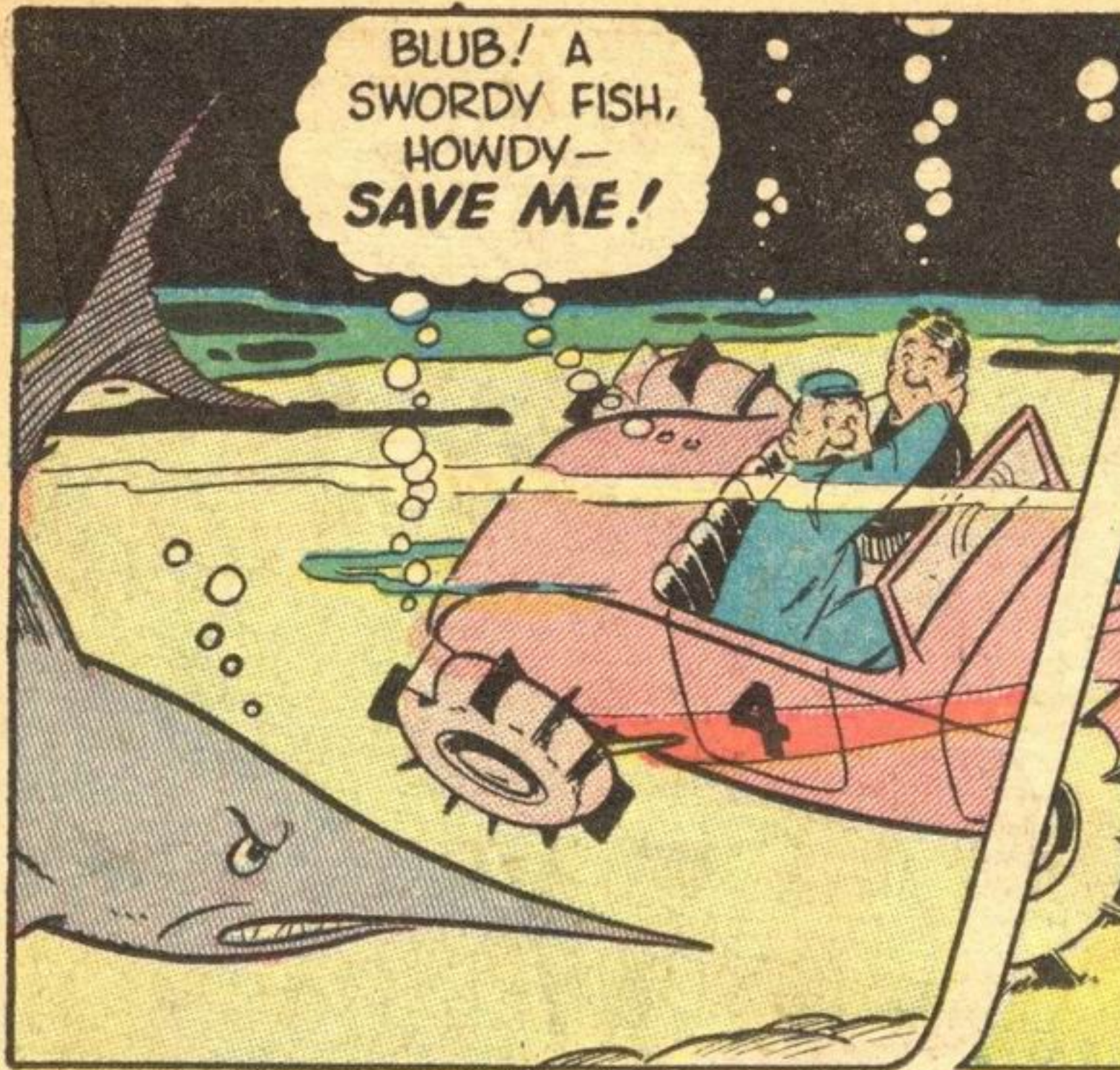




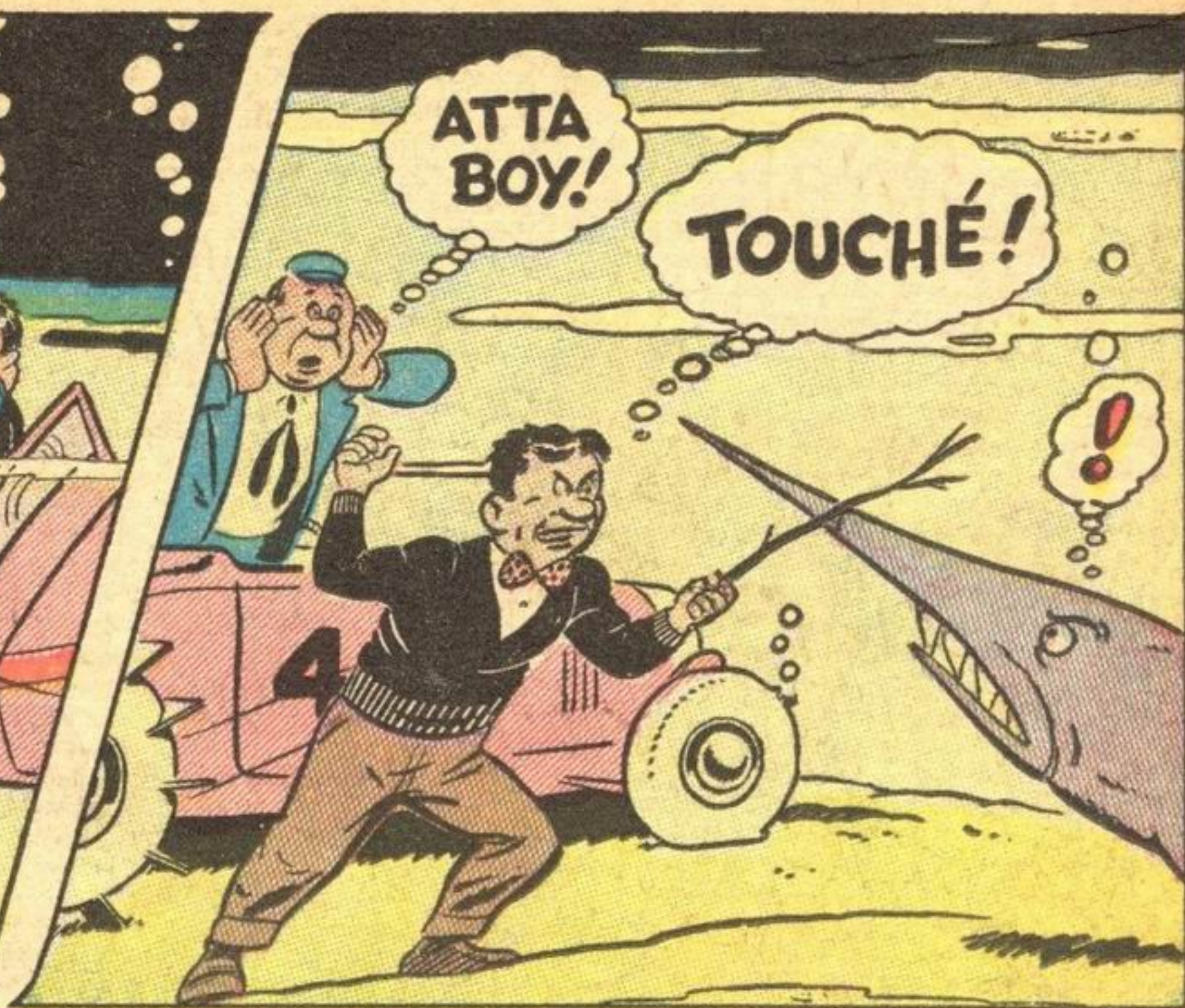






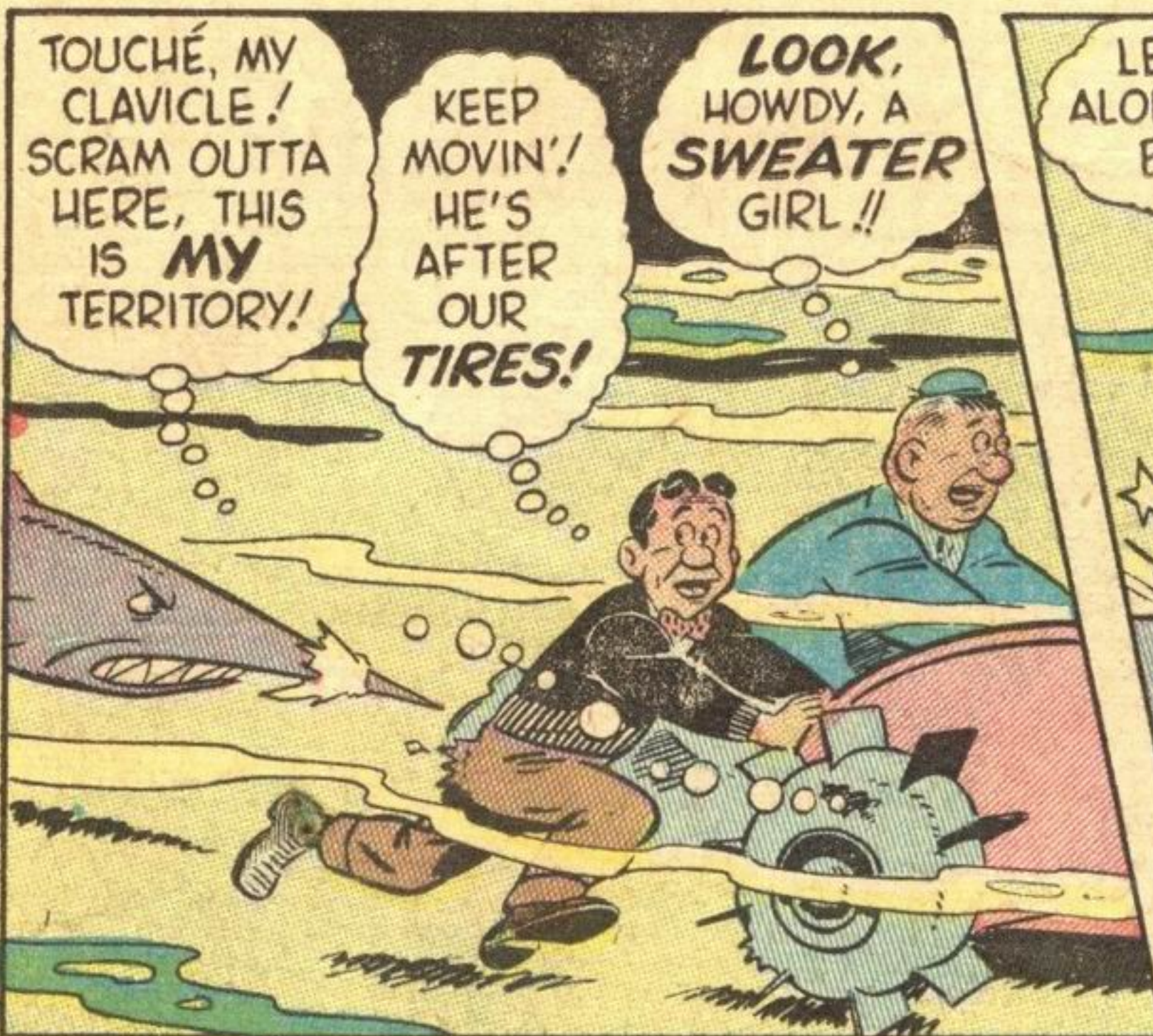


BLUB! A
SWORDY FISH,
HOWDY—
SAVE ME!



**ATTA
BOY!**

TOUCHÉ!



TOUCHÉ, MY
CLAVICLE!
SCRAM OUTTA
HERE, THIS
IS **MY**
TERRITORY!

KEEP
MOVIN'!
HE'S
AFTER
OUR
TIRES!

LOOK,
HOWDY, A
SWEATER
GIRL!!



LEAVE 'EM
ALONE, YOU BIG
BABOON!

GEE, THANKS, GIRLIE!

KONK!



...TOO BAD THEY SUNK! BY A UNANIMOUS
VOTE (OF ONE), I SELECT SLINKY GOTLOTS
THE WINNER—

PAY YA
LATER, GEORGE!

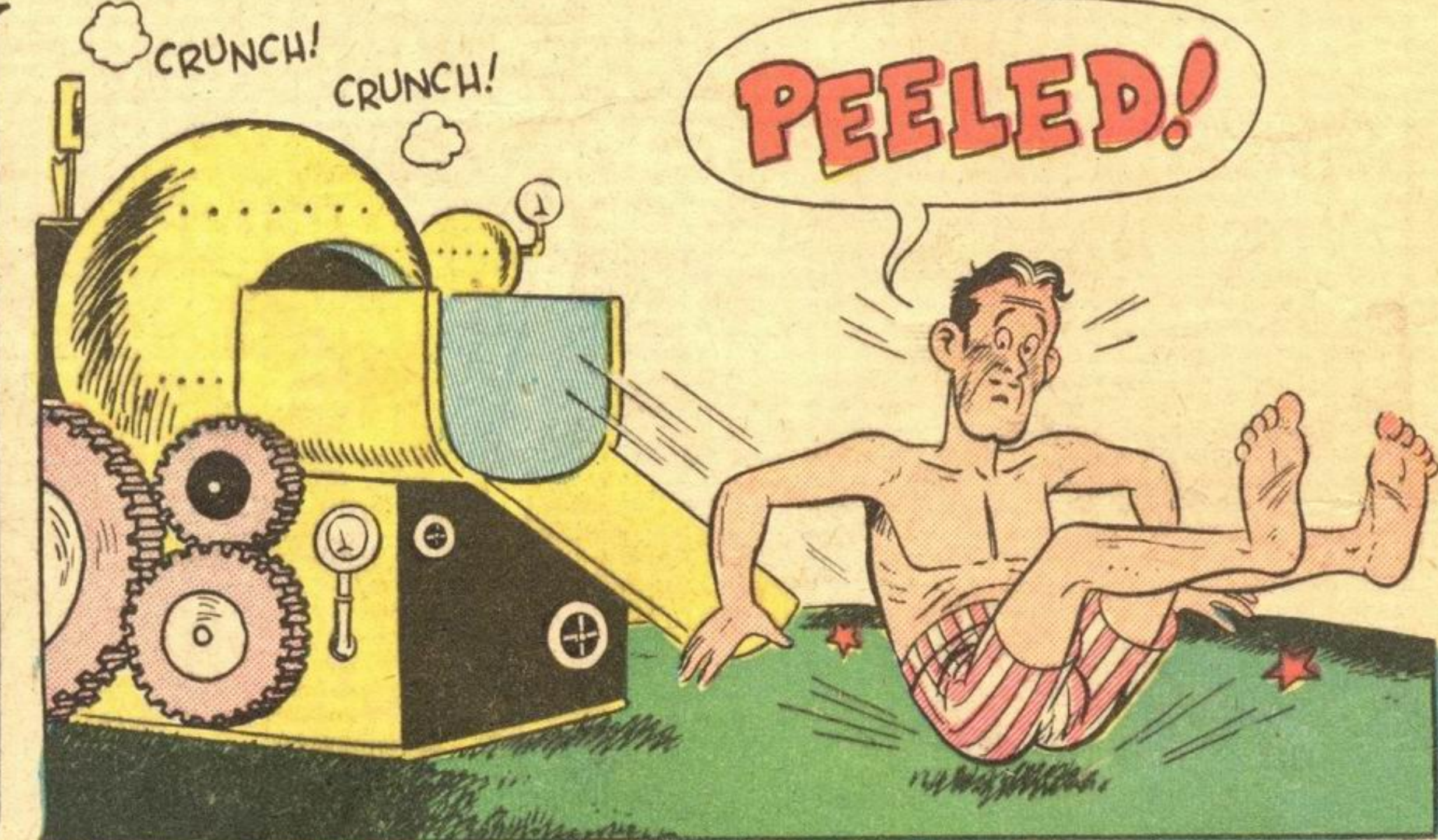
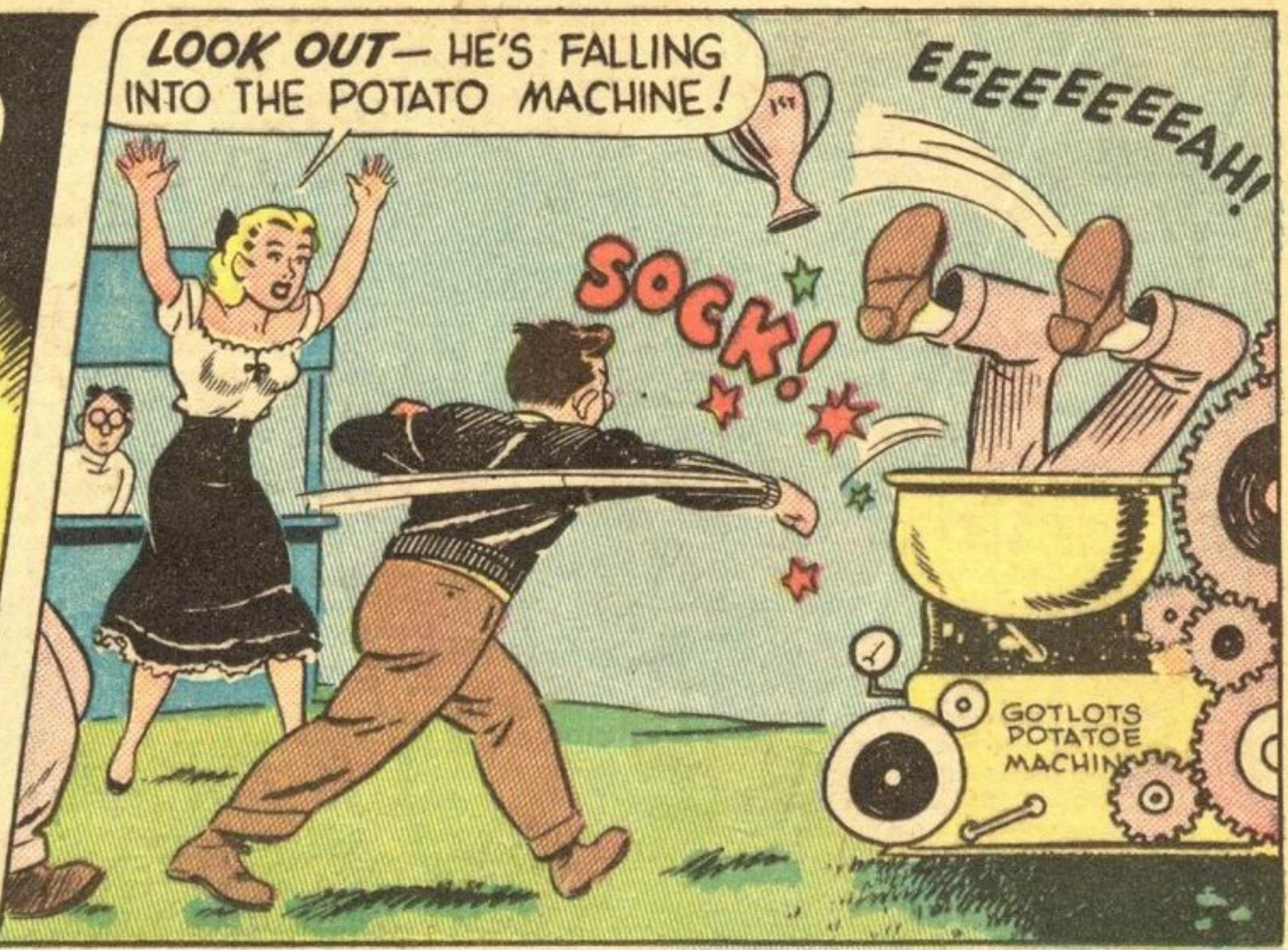
I PROMISED
A KISS TO THE
VICTOR.....
SOB

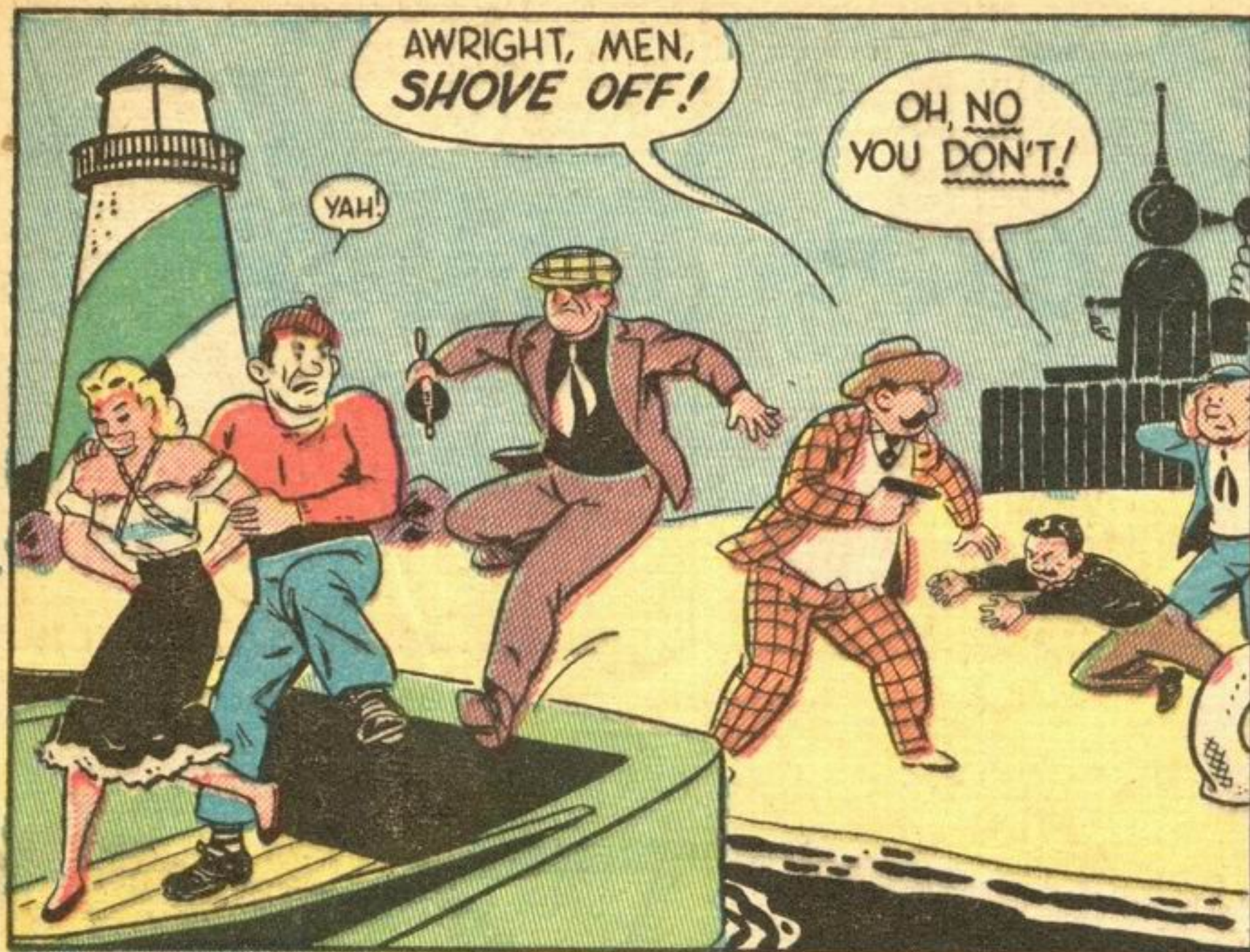
SOB

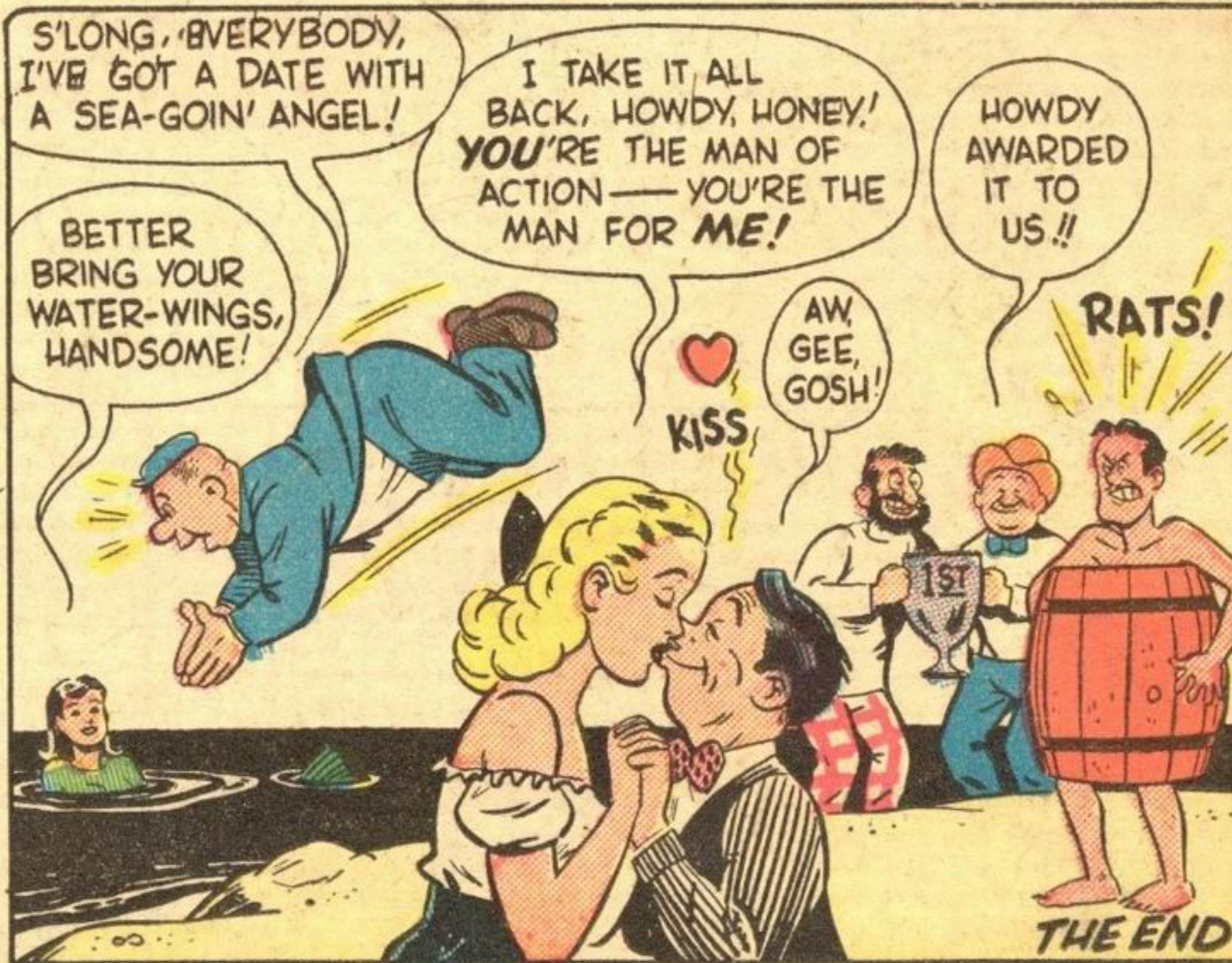
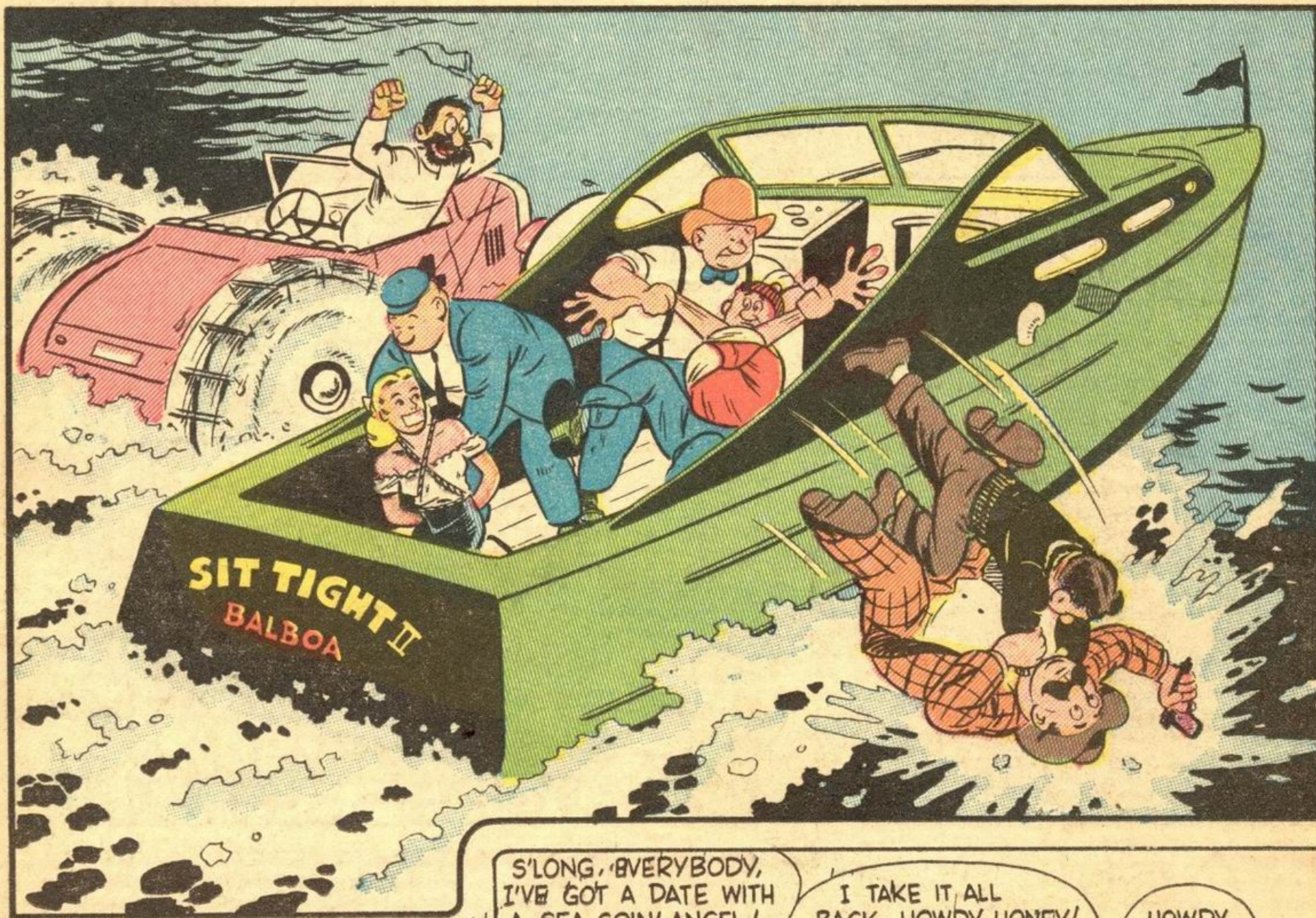
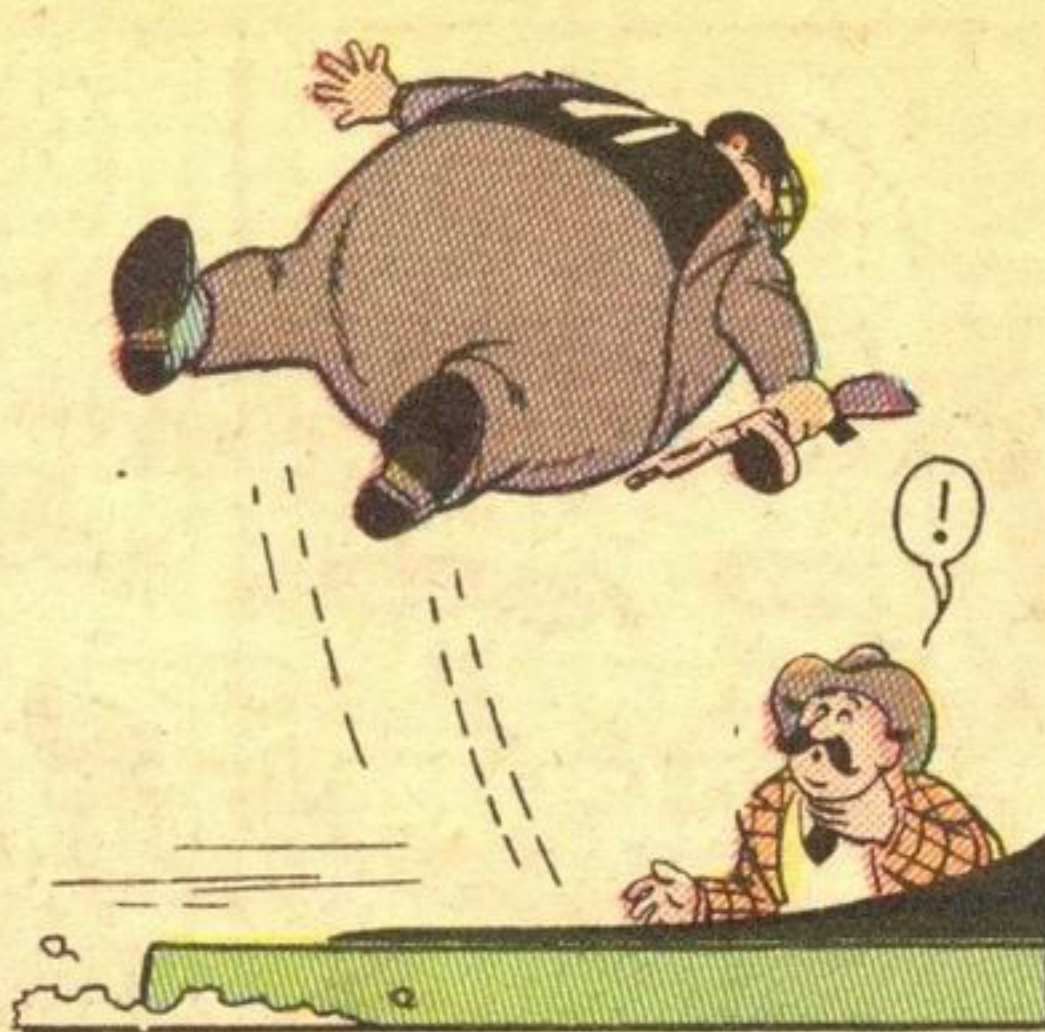


HEY, BUB, PAY US THAT FIFTY-CENTS
YOU OWE US FOR KNOCKIN' HOLES IN
THOSE MUGS' BALLOONS!

**OH-
OH!**







THE END

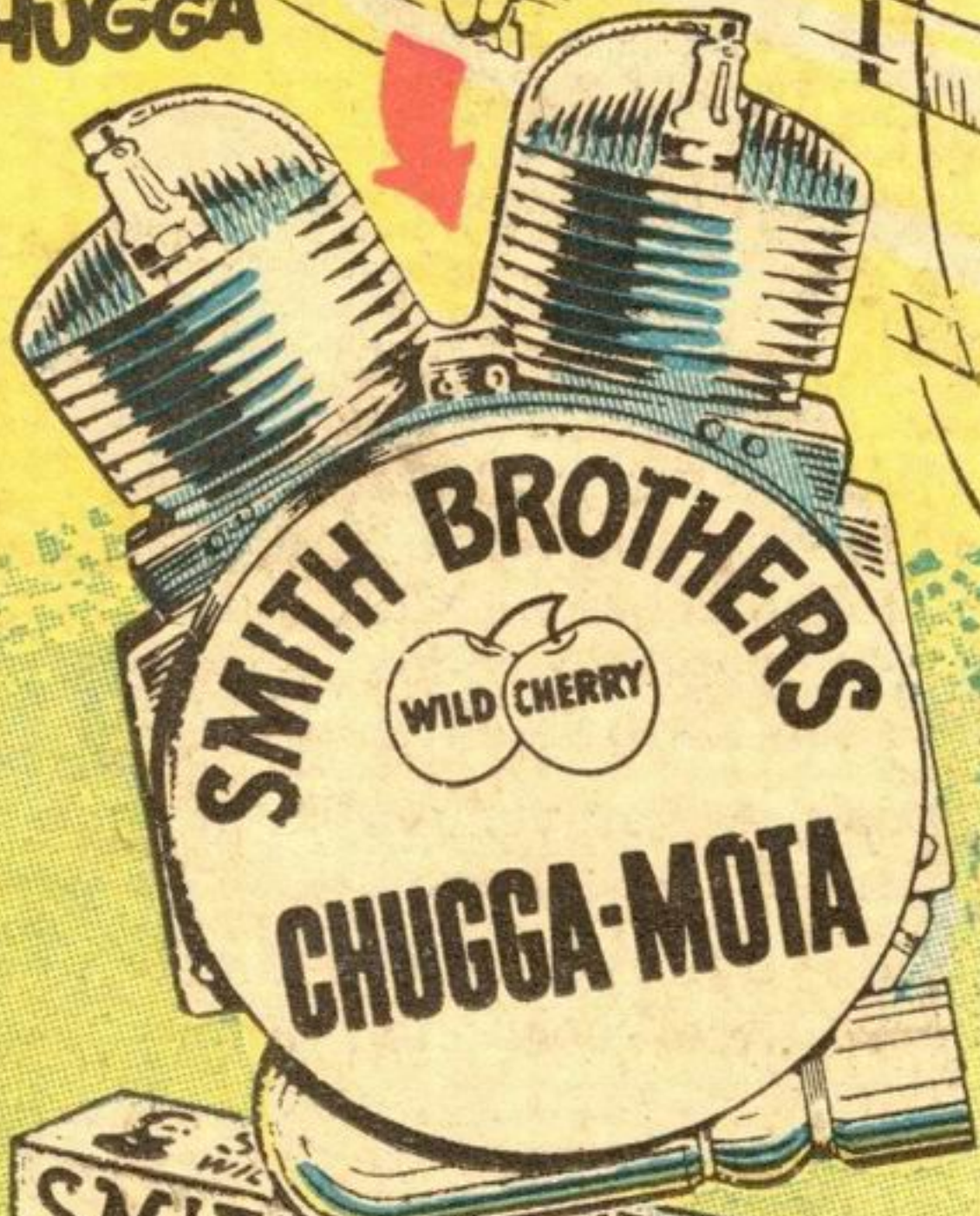
**BOYS!
GIRLS!**

HURRY! BE THE FIRST TO GO
ROARING BY WITH A WONDERFUL

**CHUGGA-
MOTA!**

SOUNDS LIKE A
REAL MOTORCYCLE

CHUGGA
CHUGGA
CHUGGA
CHUGGA
CHUGGA!
CHUGGA



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WITH TWO FRONT COVERS
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WILD CHERRY
COUGH DROP BOXES

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ONLY
5¢

JEEPERS! THESE
WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS
ARE THE BEST THINGS
I'VE EVER TASTED!



"SPEAK ^{for} YOURSELF, JOHN!"

COOKIE O'Toole stared at his bosom buddy and demanded sympathetically, "What's the matter with you? You look like a dying cow!"

"Oh, I love her, *I love her!*" moaned Jitterbuck Jones. "And she won't even give me a small smile! She doesn't even know I'm in town!"

"Who? What's this all about?" Cookie was bewildered.

"Esmerelda Finnegan, of course!" Jit answered indignantly. "Who 'dya think? I tell you, Cookie, you've gotta help me!"

"What are you talkin' about? Help you *how?*" Cookie's bewilderment deepened.

"With Esmerelda Finnegan!" Jit sounded as though he couldn't bear his pal's stupidity. "As a man of experience, you gotta show me how to win her!"

"Who . . . me?"

"Yaas . . . *you!* You've got a girl, haven't you? You won Angelpuss Witherspoon and now you've gotta teach me ta win Esmerelda!"

Cookie was aghast. "But, Jit, ya can't *teach* anybody that kind of thing! I mean ya gotta send her flowers an' make pretty speeches an' shower her with compliments an' . . ."

"*That's* it! *That's* what I've gotta learn! In the name of our long-standing friendship, you've gotta show me how! Will ya, Cookie?"

The appealing look on Jit's face was too much for Cookie. "All right," he said, "I will! Come on, show me where this Esmerelda Finnegan lives!"

The Finnegan house was dark except for a light in an upper window. Jit stared at it with a mooncalf expression.

"That's her window!" Jit pointed. "What can I do?"

"Well," said Cookie, speaking in lowered tones, "get under the window, like *this*, look up with an admiring expression on yer kisser, an' start a romantic spiel, like *this*. 'Esmerelda, this is your own true love, your most ardent admirer! I have longed to know you, Esmerelda, an' to buy you cokes an' malts at the Soda Jerkerie! Say you'll make a date with me an' make me th' happiest character in town!' See?"

"I certainly *do* see!" a voice snapped.

"I see more than you intended, *Mister* O'Toole! To think that you've been chasing this . . . this *Esmerelda*, while leading me to think *I* was your only pash! Cookie O'Toole, I *hate* you!" Angelpuss Witherspoon's voice broke on a sob.

Cookie looked wildly around. He could see how Angel had made this terrible mistake. There was Jit, hidden by a magnolia bush, out of Angel's view. And there *he* was, under Esmerelda Finnegan's window, pitching woo. He'd soon straighten this mess out.

"Look, Angel, yer makin' a mistake," he started to explain.

"*You're* the one who's made the mistake," Angel corrected him. "I just went and washed you out of my hair! Forget any date we may have had, because I'm breaking them all . . . especially the moonlight boat ride tomorrow! I'm going with a man who appreciates me . . . *Zoot!*" Turning on her heel, she threw him a last withering look and bounced off before he could answer.

"Now look what ya went and did!" Cookie was a mass of misery. "You've just spoiled my romance! Now what do I do?"

"Aw, she didn't mean it!" Jit reassured him. "Look, don't go back on a pal just because ya got a temporary little problem. I want ya to ask *Esmerelda* ta go on the moonlight sail with me!"

The heartlessness of this request almost floored Cookie, but he could not go back on his promise. "Okay," he said, "I'll try." Raising his voice, he called, "*Esmerelda!*"

A brunette head covered with ribbon curlers appeared at the window.

"This is Cookie O'Toole," the John Alden announced. "I'm here ta ask ya to go on the moonlight boat ride tomorrow with . . ."

"With *you!* Oh, Cookie O'Toole, I'd love to! Call for me at seven tomorrow night, Cookie. Good-nightie-night!" The window slammed shut.

Cookie O'Toole spent a sleepless night, tossing on a bed of grief. Not only had he lost his girl, his Angelpuss Witherspoon, but he had also lost his best friend! For Jit had been so overcome by the unexpected outcome of the lesson in romance, that he had disowned any future interest in Cookie and had said some pretty bitter things besides.

With a heavy heart and a sinking stomach, Cookie went through the next day, feeling the cold, hostile glances of his ex-girl and his ex-chum upon him. How could he explain? How could he unravel this knot?

There was little time to think of that as he helped a giggling Esmerelda Finnegan up the gangplank of the boat that evening. Already, happy groups of guys and gals were gathered on the deck, singing and dancing. Cookie's heart almost burst when he saw Angel leaning up against the railing, standing much too close to that wolf, Zoot. And wasn't that miserably lonesome figure in the corner Jitterbuck Jones? Oh, what a stew!

Esmerelda Finnegan knew nothing of Cookie's turmoil. She wanted to dance. "Come on, Cookie," she urged him. "I'll bet we dance swell together!"

"Wouldn't ya rather lean up against the railing an' have an orange drink or sump'n?" Cookie didn't feel like dancing.

"That's a good idea!" Esmerelda leaned back against the railing and her smile changed to a sudden look of surprise. "Oh . . . I think I'm *falling!*"

Esmerelda wasn't the only one in that plight. As the section of deck railing gave way behind her, another figure, a vision in pale blue, was seen to fly through the air towards the water.

"Woman overboard! *Two* women overboard!" someone yelled.

Cookie didn't hesitate. Peeling off his jacket, he hit the water somewhere between the two girls and yelled, "Esmerelda! Angelpuss! I'll save ya!"

It was quite a struggle, towing two hysterical girls to the boat, where eager hands pulled them on board. A group of horrified boys and girls surrounded the prone body of their hero, sprawled on the deck. From the realm of semi-consciousness, Cookie's voice babbled pitifully, "Oh, Angelpuss, I love you! Don't leave me . . . I wasn't courtin' Esmerelda fer me . . . I was doin' it for Jit . . . he's crazy about her . . . like I am about you . . . but he's bashful. . . Angelpuss . . ."

"Here I am, darling," Angelpuss croned as she knelt and took Cookie's hand. "Will you ever forgive me?"

"Gosh, I never had an idea you liked me!" Esmerelda smiled upon Jit agreeably.

There was a full moon and the girls' dresses had dried and the orange drinks were frosty. Two happy couples sat on a bench and looked blissfully at the water.

"Sigh!" said Esmerelda.

"Sigh!" said Jit.

"Sigh!" said Angelpuss.

"Sigh!" said Cookie.

"*Phooey!*" said Zoot.

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SIGNALS**

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TRIGGER-LITE GUN!
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7. TWO POWERFUL BATTERIES

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- GAMES!
- --and many other things
- that **YOU** can think of!



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The actual size of the TRIGGER-LITE gun is 6 inches long



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Please send me **"TRIGGER-LITE" SIGNALING GUNS.** Enclosed you will find cash or money order.

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Address.....
City..... State.....

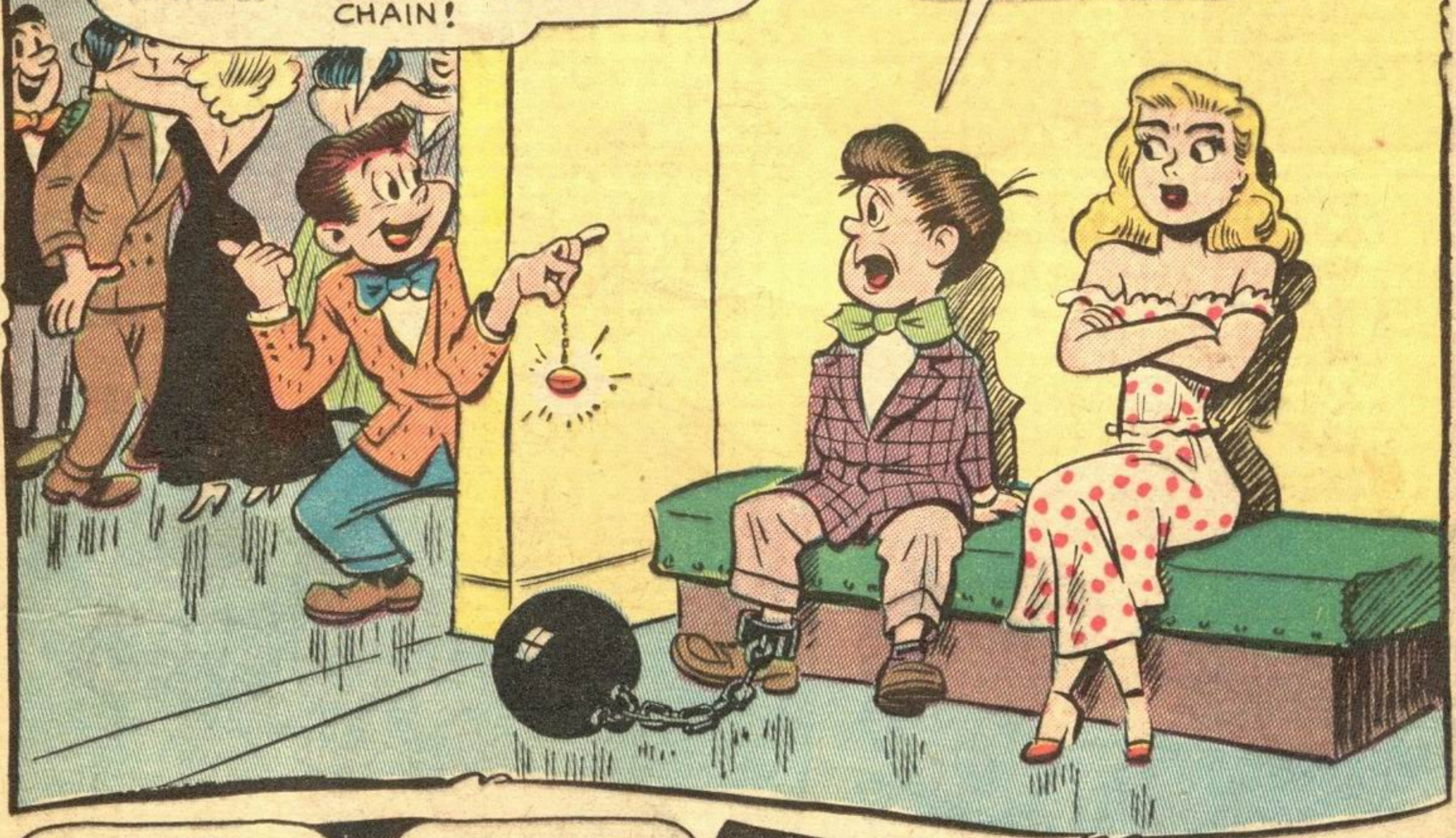
Angelpuss

FOOTBALL VICTORY DANCE

SMACK! SMACK!

HEY COOKIE, C'MON OVER! THE GLAMOR KIDS ARE HANDIN' OUT **FREE KISSES** TO ALL US GUYS WHO WERE AWARDED THE GOLD FOOTBALL AND CHAIN!

I CAN'T, JIT! ANGEL TRADED MINE IN!



HI, KIDS! WHERE'S ALL THE MEN?

THEY'RE ALL OUT FOR FOOTBALL PRACTICE... EXPECT COOKIE, HERE!

OH, GEE... THAT'S RIGHT!

WHY DON'T YOU LATCH ON TO A HALF-PINT LIKE **COOKIE**, MARGE? AT LEAST, A FOOTBALL TEAM WOULDN'T BE TAKING UP **HIS** TIME!

WHY, YOU...



TAKE IT EASY,
ANGEL...I WAS
ONLY KIDDING!

SIT DOWN,
ANGELPUSS!
SHE'S RIGHT,
ANYWAY!

SHE IS NOT! SHE'S
JUST JEALOUS...BE-
CAUSE YOU'RE SO
SWEET!

HEY, COOKIE!

HUH? THAT'S
JIT'S VOICE!

HI, COOKIE! C'MON...
THE **COACH** WANTS
TO SEE YOU!

THE
COACH?

YEAH...HE'S GOT SOME
TRICK PLAY WORKED
OUT THAT'LL GO OFF
SWEET WITH A GUY
ABOUT **YOUR SIZE**!

NO, COOKIE
...YOU'LL GET
HURT!

FORGET
IT, ANGEL!
...LET'S
GO, JIT!

I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE
TO KNOW THAT MY LITTLE
SHRIMP OF A COOKIE HAS
JUST BEEN CALLED OUT
FOR **FOOTBALL**!

JEEPERS!
THAT'S WHAT
COMES OF THIS
INFLATION
STUFF!

WELL ANYWAY,
HE'LL BE EASY
TO CARRY IN
THE **VICTORY**
PARADE!



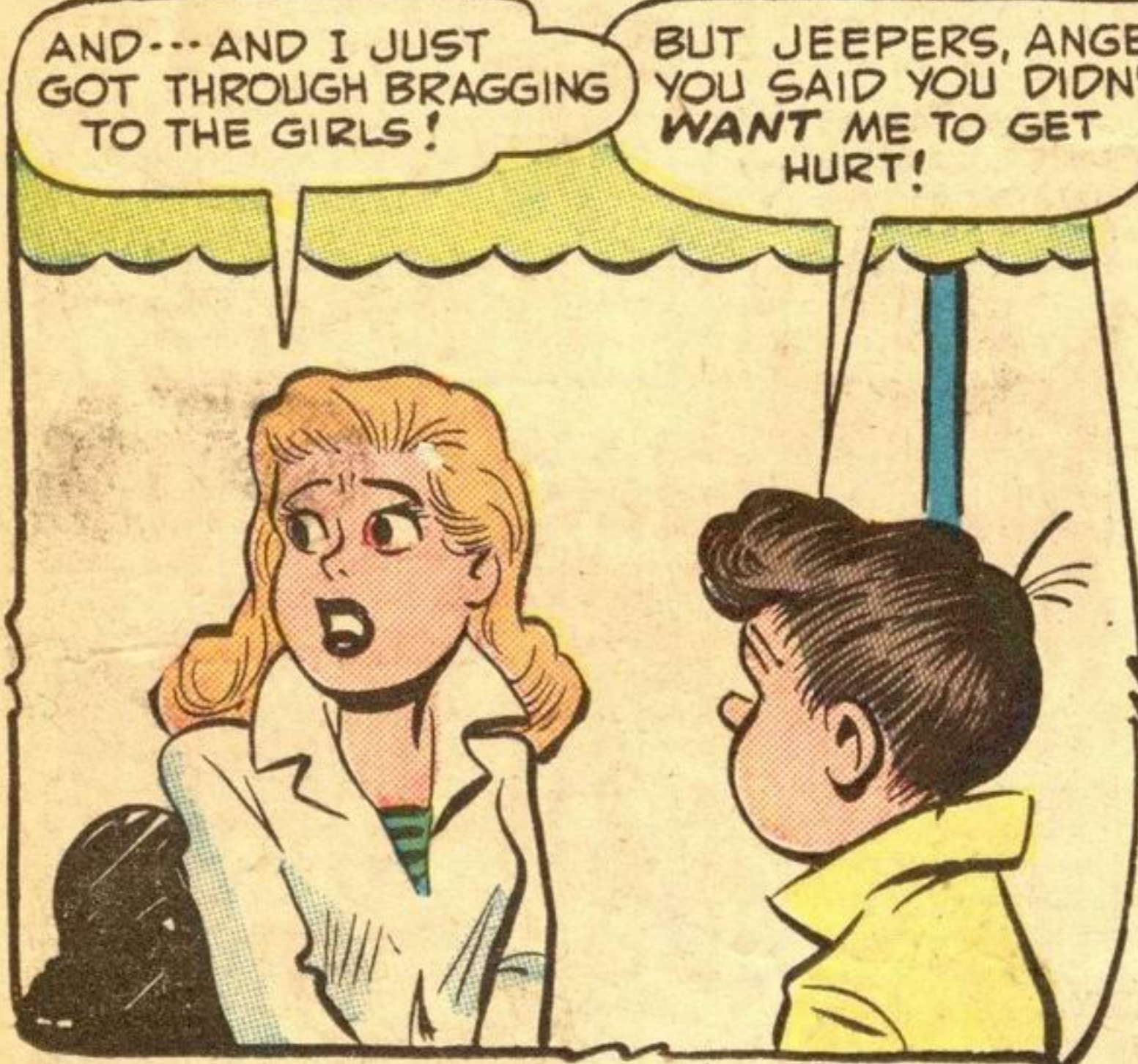
COOKIE!! I THOUGHT YOU WERE AT FOOT-BALL PRACTICE!

YOU'RE RIGHT...I WAS! THAT IS, IF A GUY NEEDS PRACTICE TO COMMIT SUICIDE!



SUICIDE!

SURE! THAT BRAINY COACH COMES UP WITH A BRILLIANT PLAY THAT WOULD MAKE ME LOOK LIKE I WENT THROUGH A MEAT GRINDER!



AND...AND I JUST GOT THROUGH BRAGGING TO THE GIRLS!

BUT JEEPERS, ANGEL, YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T WANT ME TO GET HURT!

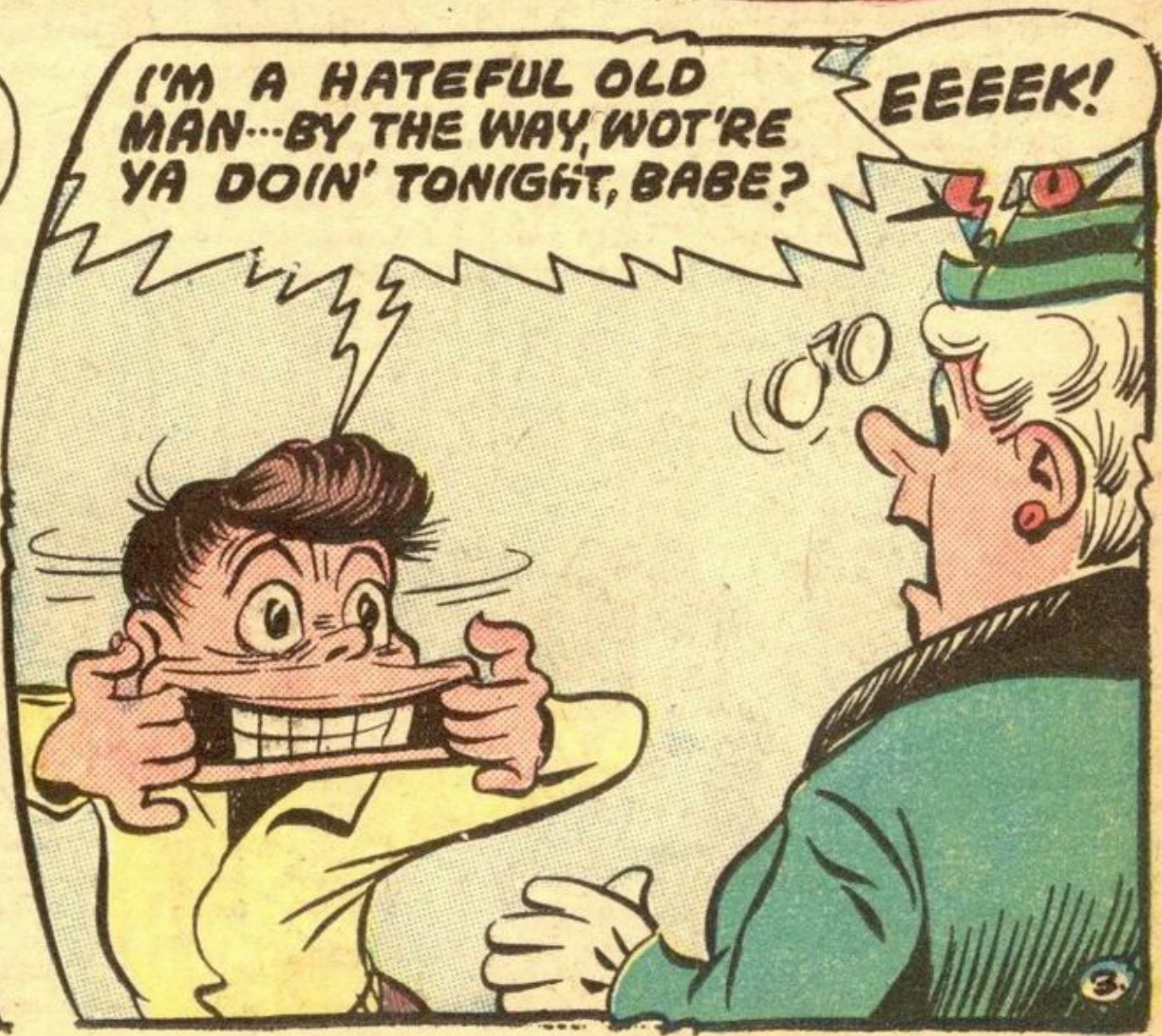


OH...YOU'VE EMBARRASSED ME! I...I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU NOW!



OH, YOU POOR LITTLE BOY! ARE YOU LOST?

NO, AND I'M NOT A LITTLE BOY!



I'M A HATEFUL OLD MAN...BY THE WAY, WOT'RE YA DOIN' TONIGHT, BABE?

EEEEK!

AND SO, THE DAY OF THE GAME...

...OH-OH! HARELIP HIGH FUMBLER ON THEIR ONE-YARD LINE AND AN OPPOSING PLAYER FALLS ON THE BALL IN THE END ZONE FOR ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN!

SOUNDS BAD FOR YOUR SCHOOL, COOKIE! THEY'RE LOSING!

SO THEY LOSE THE GAME AND I LOSE MY GIRL...SO WOT?

WHICH REMINDS ME! ANGELPUSS WAS IN HERE WITH ZOOT A LITTLE WHILE AGO...GUESS THEY WENT TO THE GAME TOGETHER!

ZOOT! THAT HEEL!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! IT AIN'T THAT BAD, IS IT?

IT'S JUST THAT BAD THAT I GO FORTH TO SHED MY BLOOD AT HER VERY FEET! SHE'LL RUE THIS UNHOLY DAY!

AT THE GAME...

HOW COME YOU'RE NOT PLAYING, ZOOT?

ER...MY DOC SAYS IT'S A TOUCH OF YELLOW JAUNDICE!

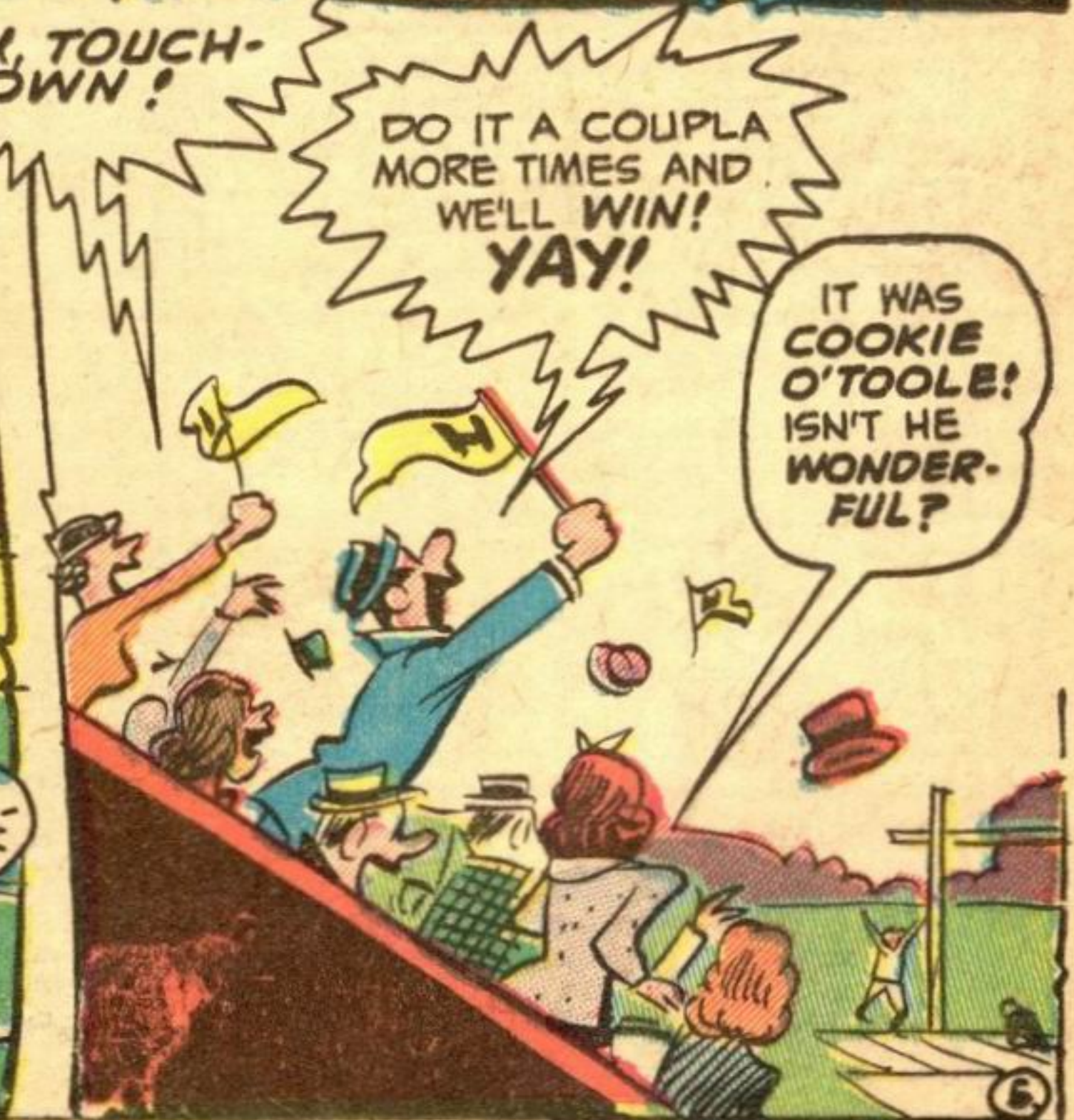
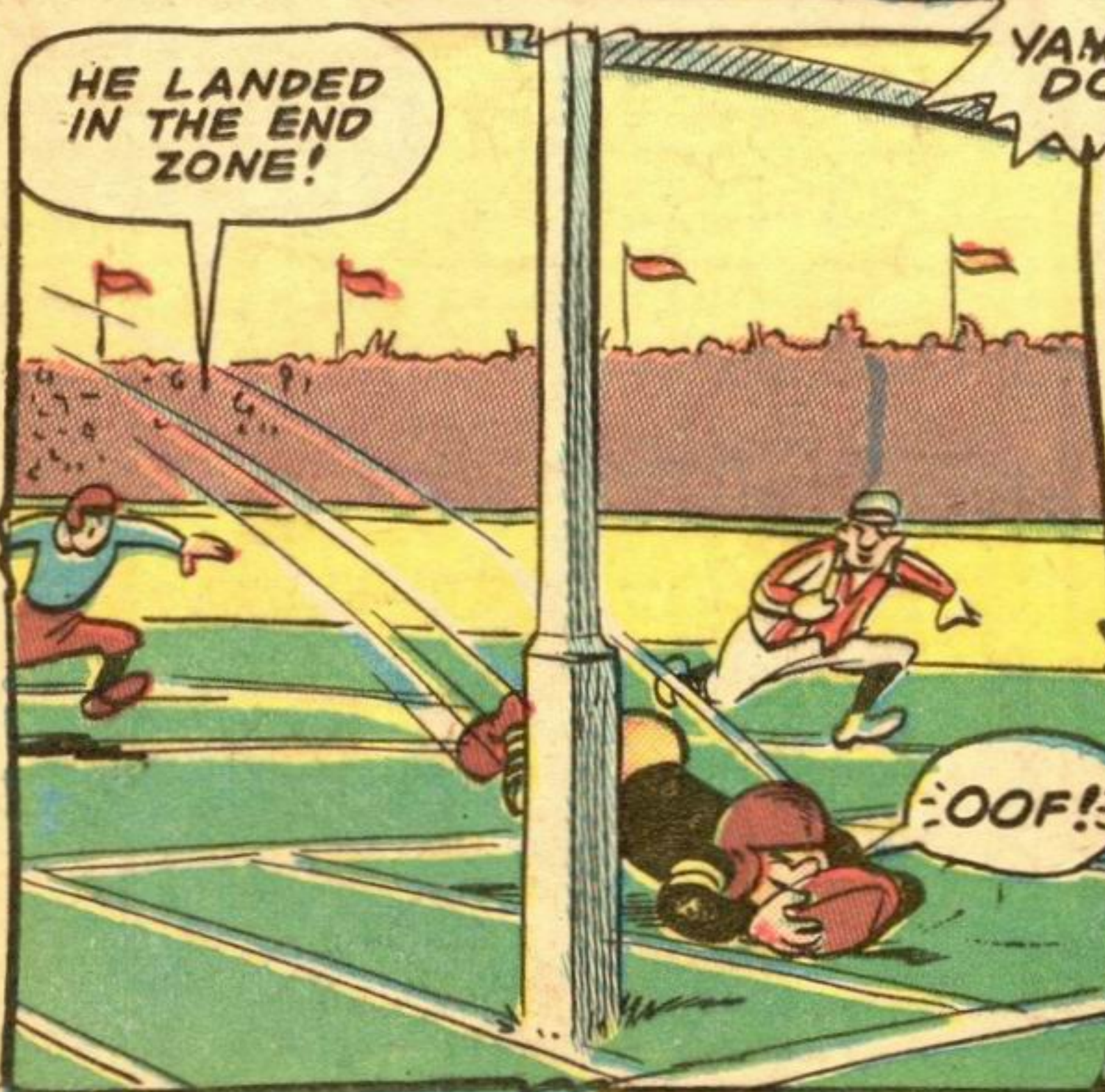
THAT'S NOTHING! COOKIE GOT TOUCHED BY A YELLOW STREAK! HEY, ANGELPUSS?

DON'T MENTION COOKIE TO ME AGAIN! WHY, IF I NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN, IT'LL...

HOLD IT, ANGEL... YOU ARE GOING TO SEE HIM! THERE HE IS NOW, AND IN UNIFORM!

YESSIR, SON, I'M GLAD YOU SHOWED UP...NOW GET IN THERE! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

RIGHT, COACH!



SO, NEEDLESS TO SAY, THEY DID IT SEVERAL MORE TIMES...AND THEY WON!

I'M SORRY, MISS... YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO COME BACK LATER! HIS ROOM IS FULL OF ADMIRERS NOW!

AND A FEW DAYS LATER...

I SAW COOKIE TODAY... SURROUNDED BY A BUNCH OF BABES! I MEAN, A CROWD OF...

SH-HH, DADDY! DON'T SPEAK OF IT NOW!

HEY, THERE'S ANGELPUSS! PULL UP!

LOOK WHAT I GOT FOR WINNIN' THE GAME...MY LETTER!

AND I'M GOING TO KNIT HIM A SWEATER TO WEAR IT ON!

OH NO, I AM!

OH NO, I AM!

YEAH, IT'S GREAT STUFF BEIN' A HERO, ANGEL...EVERYBODY MAKES A FUSS OVER YA! GIRLS STOP AND LOOK AT YA ON THE STREET! BUT JUST WAIT TILL YOU FINISH THAT SWEATER WITH MY LETTER ON IT...**WOW!**

YEAH, **WOW!**

HEY, ANGELPUSS! YA SURE YA MADE THIS RIGHT?

ARE YOU KIDDING?

The End!

Broadcast over Your own Radio with this New RADIO MIKE



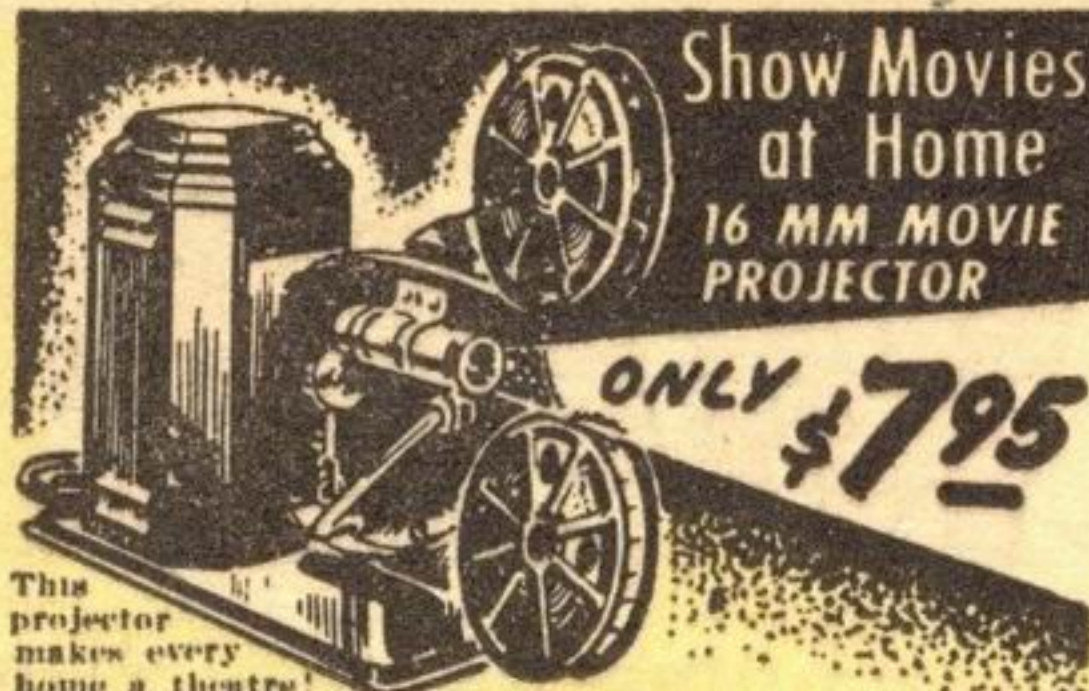
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Easily
Attached

Only
\$1.49

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WITH GOLD

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OR A FRIEND'S NAME... ON
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10¢ EACH ADDITIONAL. FIRST
NAME, OR INITIALS, AND LAST NAME.

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WIZARD of FINANCE

"A COUPLE of woes, alases an' alacks!" mourned Jitterbuck Jones. "I sure do need five bucks an' I doubt whether pater would be interested in advancin' the loot! He's been very reluctant lately to part with dough . . . says I'm careless with the stuff, don't know the value of money, am a bad risk . . ."

As he pondered his difficulty, Jit began to brighten considerably. If he could only convince his old man that he *did* know the value of money and could be relied on, he might get the five bucks.

"An' I think I've got a plan that'll convince him!" Jit roused himself to action, making for the Soda Jerkerie on all cylinders. Once there, he approached each member of the gang separately and earnestly.

"Cookie, could ya lend me fifty cents . . . just till tonight? It's a priority request, son!"

"It's the last dough I've got," Cookie answered. "Ya sure about returnin' it tonight?"

"Oh, absolutely, chum! Rely on Jones!"

It took Jit a couple of hours to make the rounds, but he managed to collect as much silver as he could carry without sinking to the street. Everywhere he went, he assured his pals that he would return the money that very evening . . . absolutely! The general consensus was: "You'd better!"

After dinner, Jit approached his father breezily and said, "Say, dad, how about advancin' me five bucks? I sure need it bad!"

"My answer is very simple!" Mr. Jones answered. "Nothing doing!"

"But, dad, I *need* it!" Why won't ya, huh? *Why?*"

"Why?" Jit's dad snorted. "Because giving you money is like tossing it down a drainpipe, *that's* why! My boy, you are the worst financial bet in the country!"

Jit smiled. "S'pose I prove I'm *smart* an' *reliable*, dad! How about that?"

"You prove it and I'll believe *anything*!" Mr. Jones said fervently.

"Then look at *this*!" Proudly, Jit produced an enormous piggy bank, so heavy he could barely budge it. "It's bulgin' with cash, pop! It's poppin' with savings! I just don't wanta crack it open, that's all!"

Mr. Jones could scarcely believe his eyes. That piggy bank looked like a junior-sized Fort Knox. "Son," he said, choking, "I take it all back. Any lad who can accumulate a hoard like this, is worthy of an unlimited loan. Here's the money you asked for!"

As Jit fingered the five-dollar bill lovingly, he felt as exhilarated as a balloon on a windy day. "Thanks, dad!" he said. "I'll just take this little piggy to my room, now!"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Jones. "As a man of business, you surely know that security is usually required for loans! I shall *keep* this piggy bank until you refund the five dollars! Fair?"

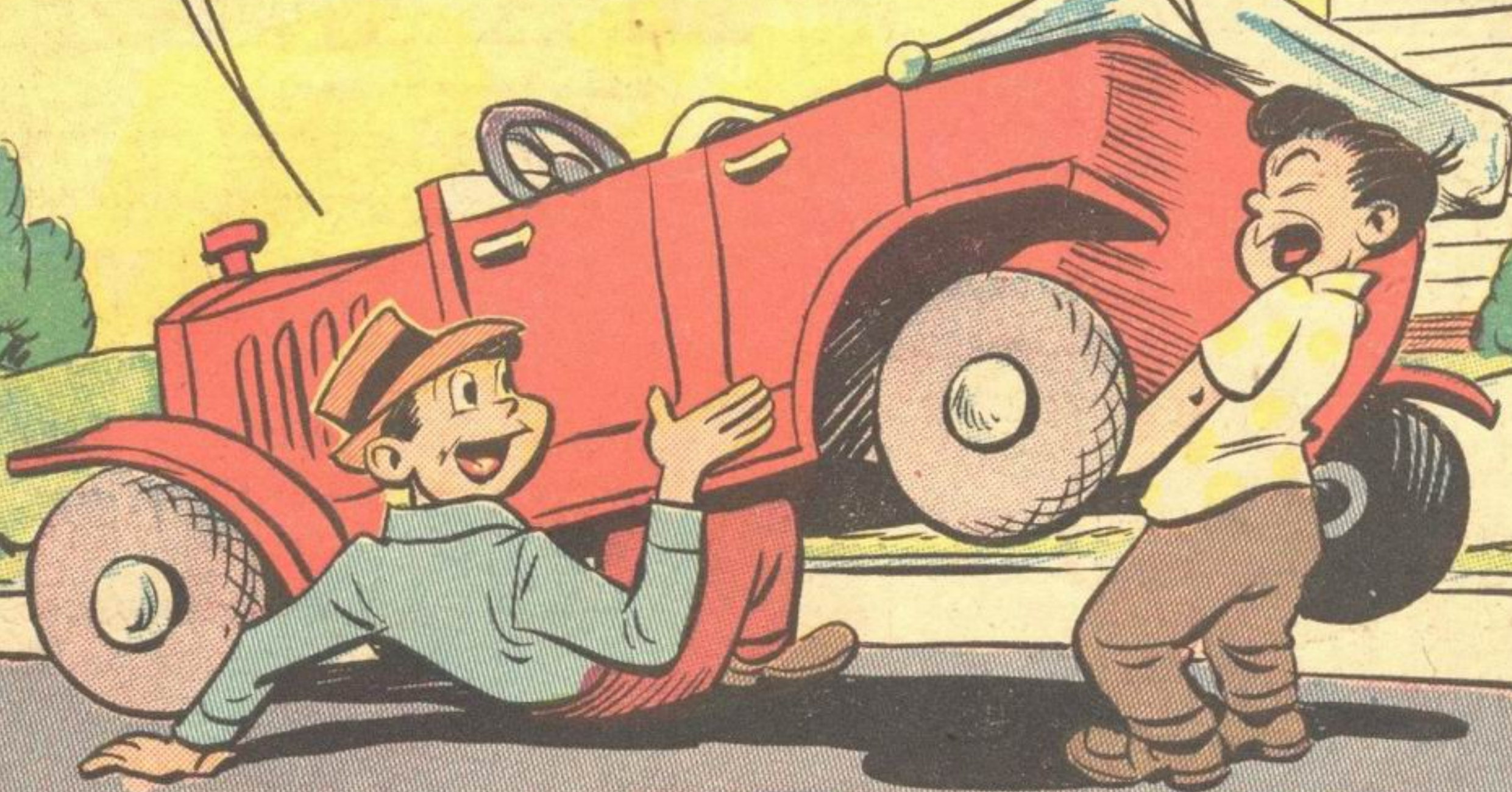
"Yeah . . . fair . . . sure . . ." Jit clutched his forehead despairingly. "Could I refund the five bucks *now*, pop? I . . . I gotta return that piggy bank to the bankers."

Jit, the financial wizard, was *still* bankrupt!

COOKIE

HIYA, JACK!...
GET IT? YOU KNOW...
'CAUSE YER ACTIN'
LIKE A CAR JACK,
SEE?

OKAY, FUNNYBOY, HAVE YER
LITTLE JOKE! BUT JUST
REMEMBER THIS CRATE IS
SUPPOSED TO GET US TO
THE COSTUME BALL TONIGHT
...AN' TIME'S RUNNIN' OUT!

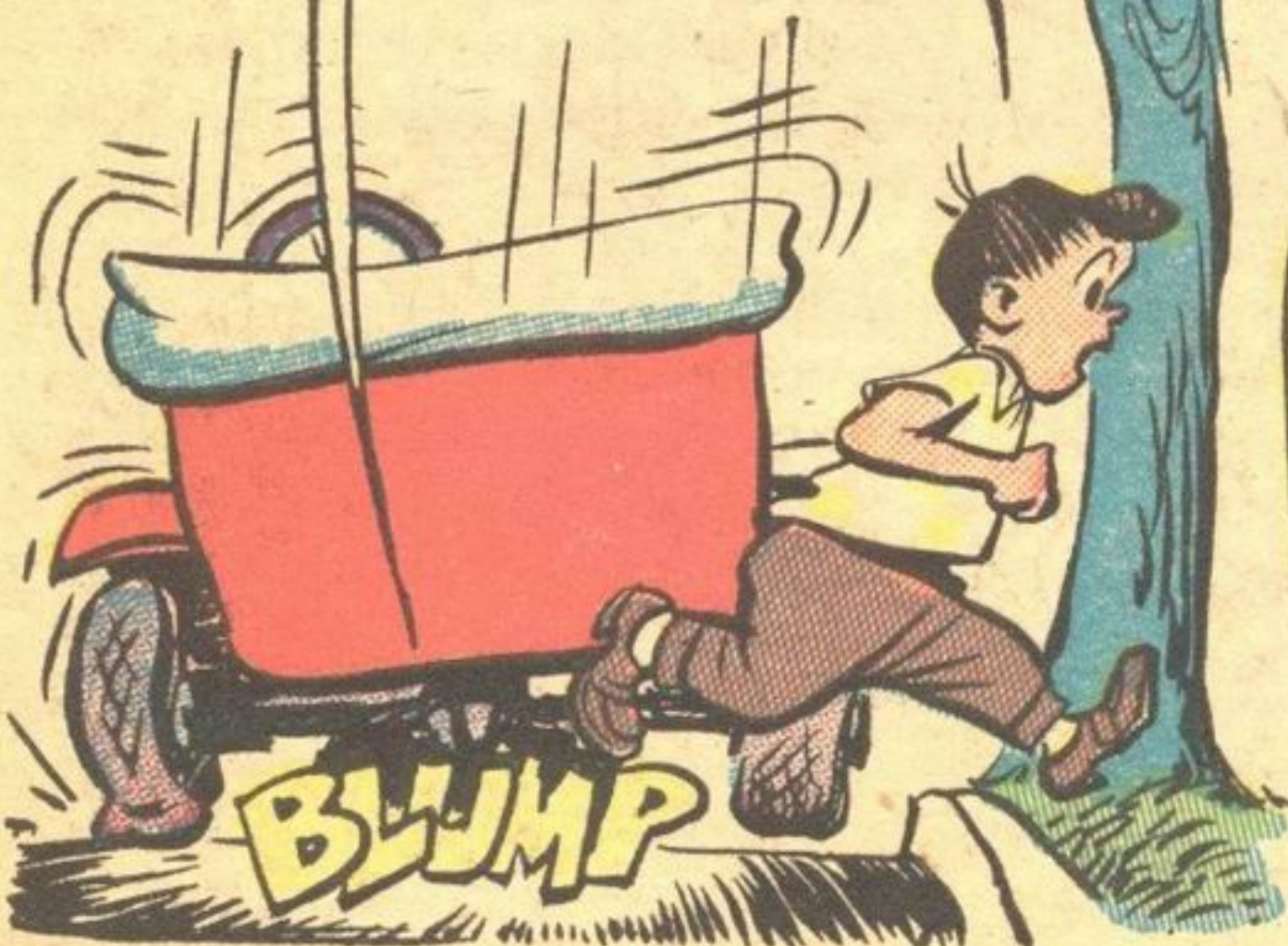


YER RIGHT,
COOKIE! HAND
ME THAT WRENCH
... **HEY!**

NUTS...IT'S IN THE
HOUSE! KEEP YER
HEAD DOWN...I'LL
BE RIGHT BACK!

HI, MOM!
WHERE TO?

RUNNING INTO
TOWN, COOKIE!
I'LL BE HOME
SOON!





YEAH...COSTUMES
...UMMM...YEAH...

WHAT'D MOM GO
FOR, POP...THE
COSTUMES?



COSTUMES!
WHAT
COSTUMES?

FOR THAT FANCY GETUP
AFFAIR TONIGHT AT THE
TOWN HALL! YOU
KNOW!



OH, GOSH...THE COSTUME BALL
TONIGHT! NO...SHE CAN'T DO THIS
TO ME! TOFIGHT'S THE BIG NIGHT
...I MEAN, TONIGHT'S THE BIG
FIGHT ON TELEVISION! I GOTTA
SEE IT!



COOKIE, I'VE GOT TO
STOP HER! LOOK, YOU'VE
GOTTA DRIVE ME DOWN-
TOWN!

BUT POP,
I CAN'T!
YA SEE...



OH, TOO BUSY TO
HELP YOUR POOR
FATHER OUT, EH?
OKAY!

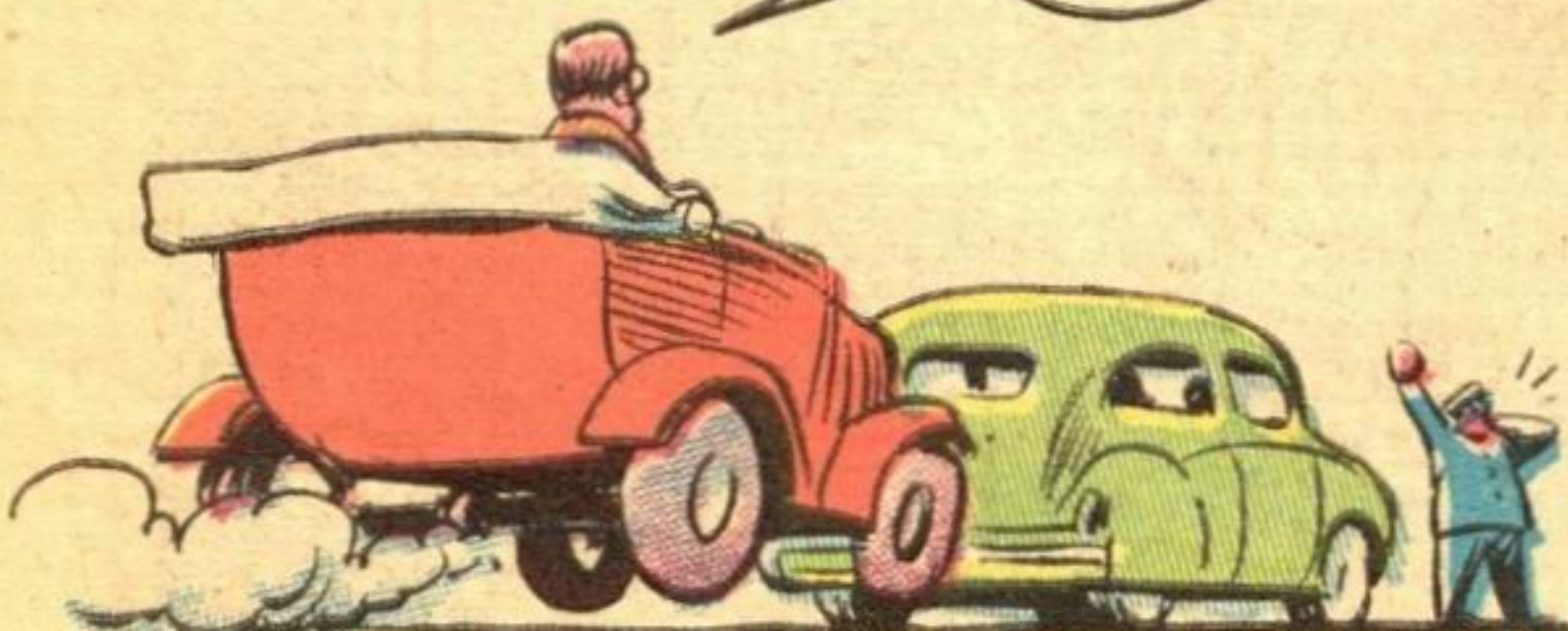
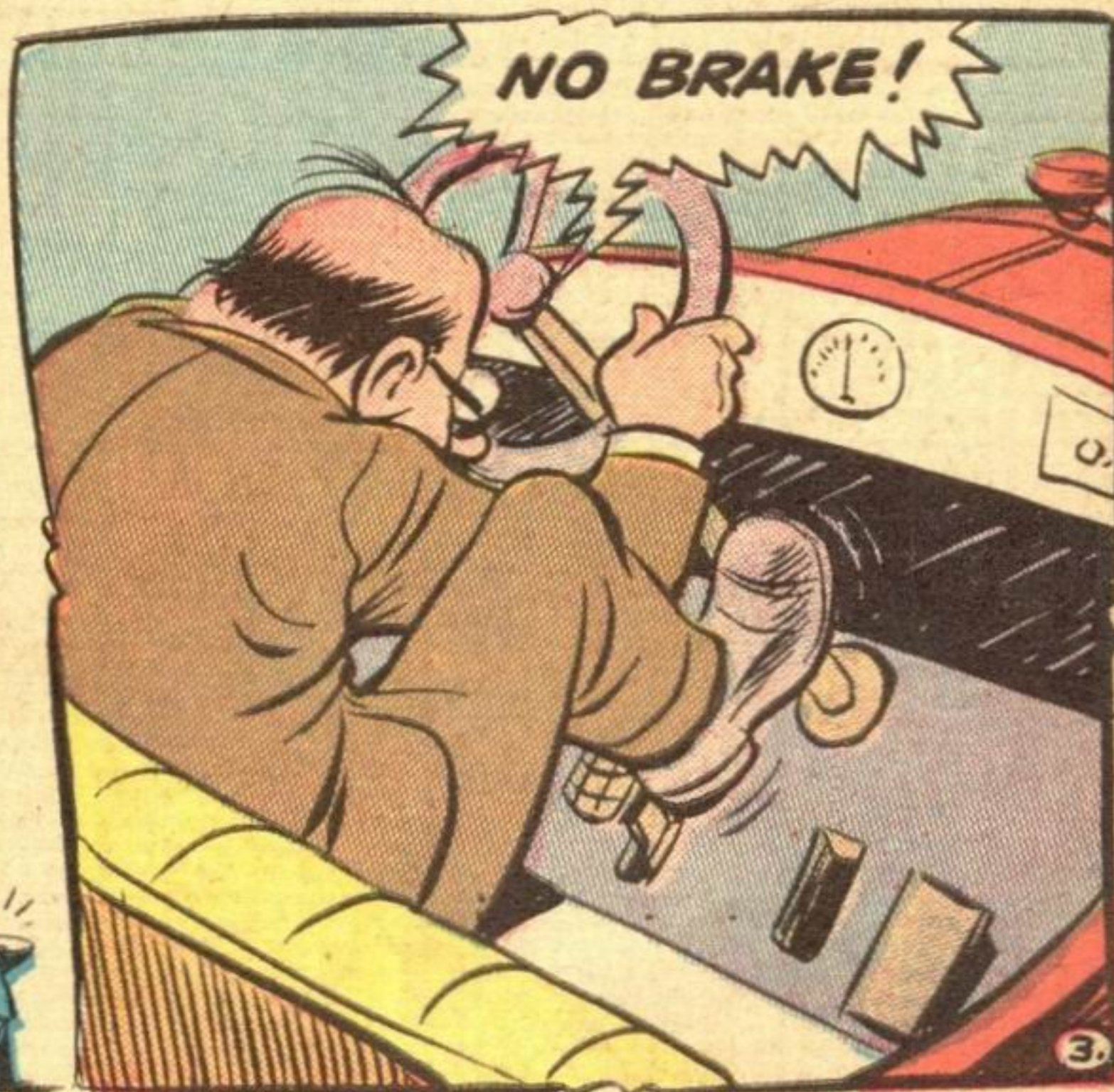
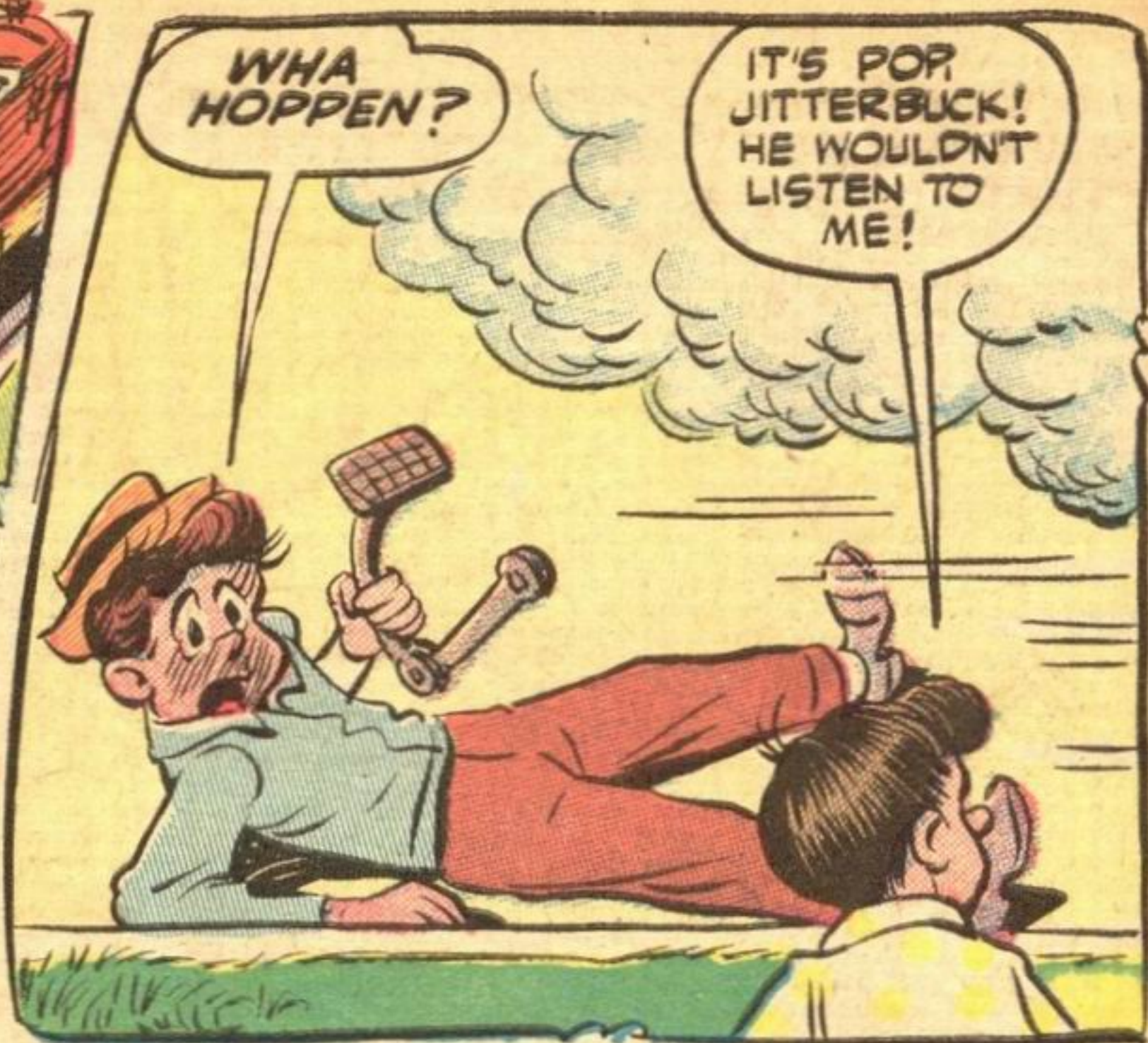
IT'S NOT
THAT!
LISTEN...

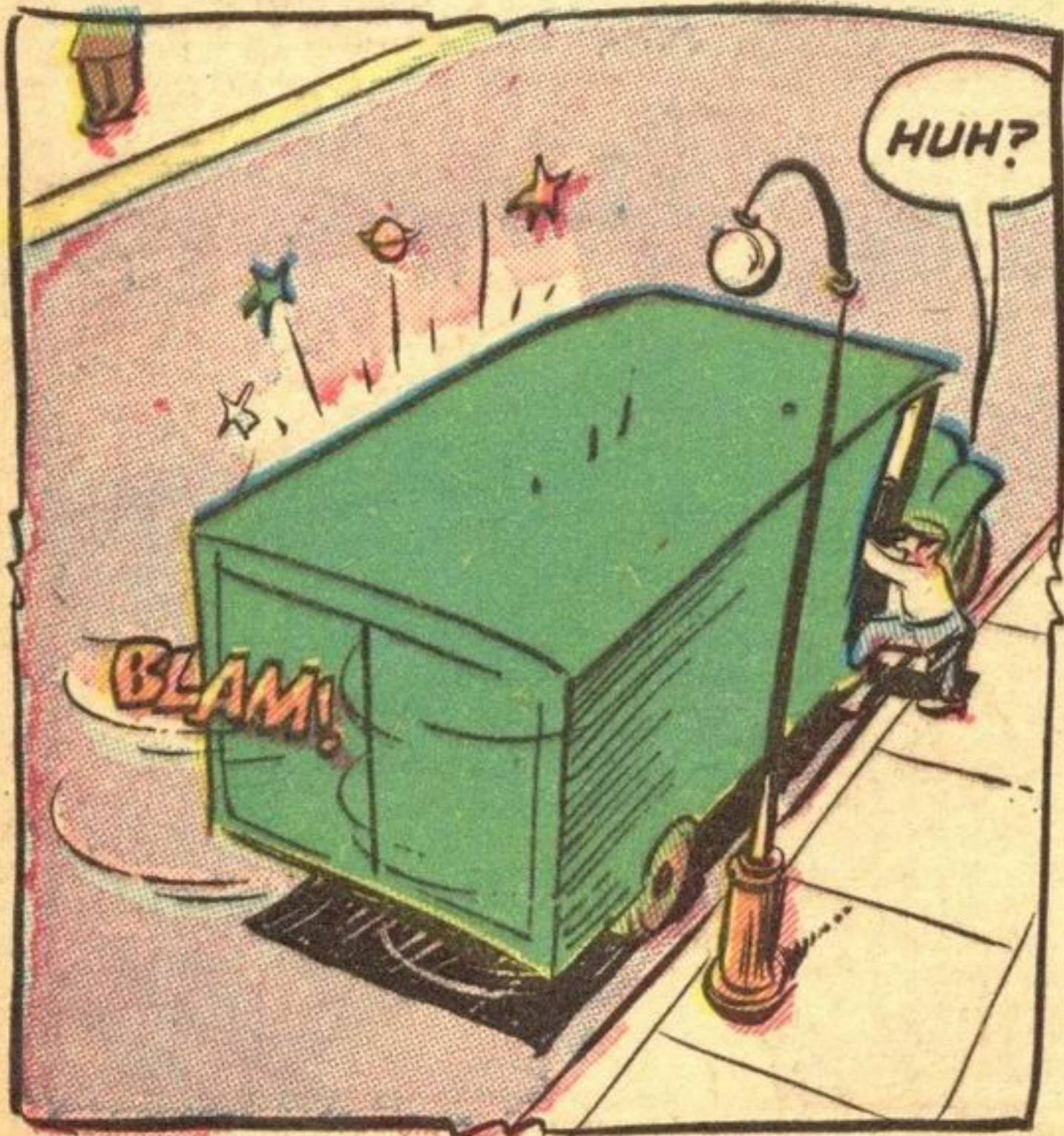
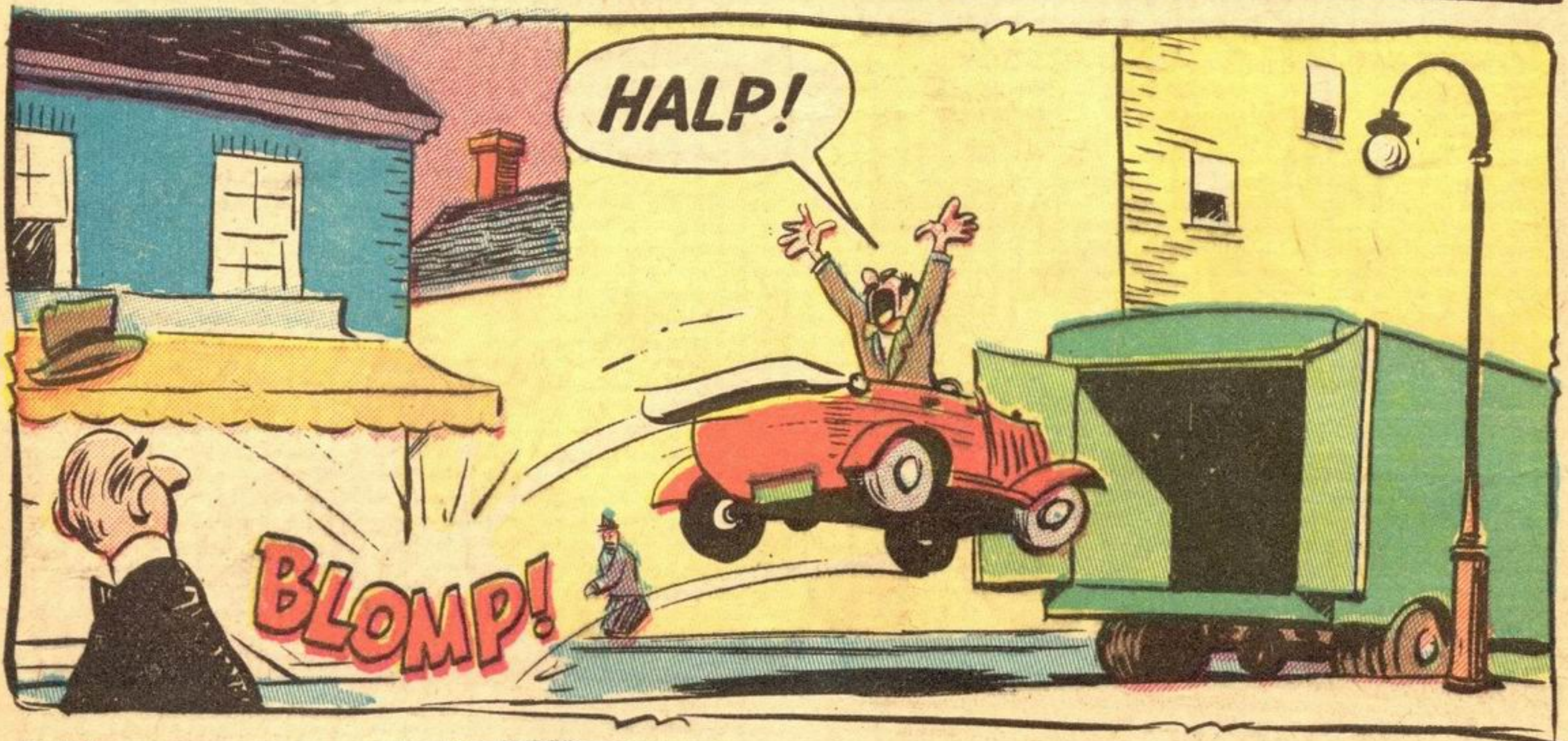
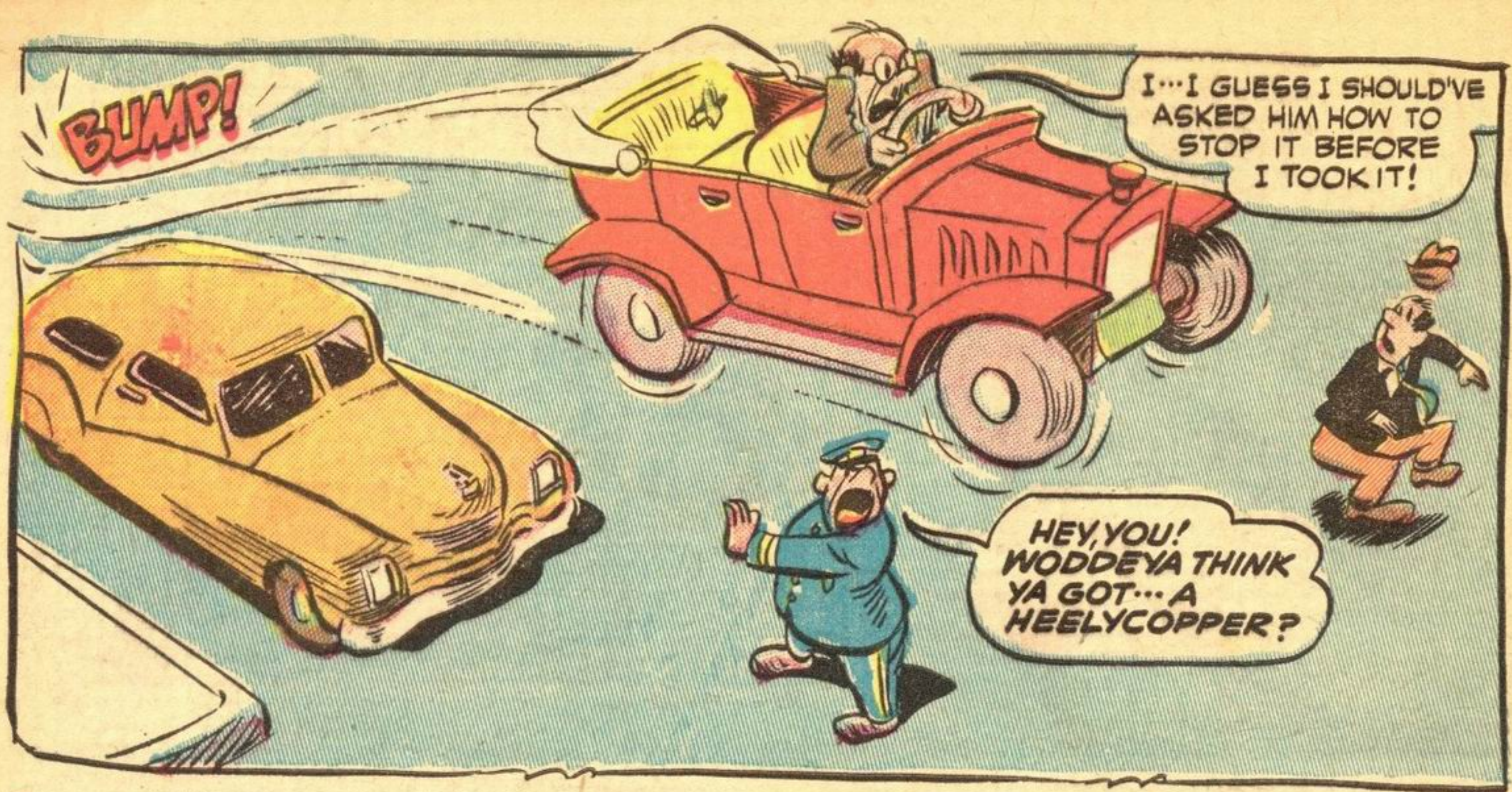


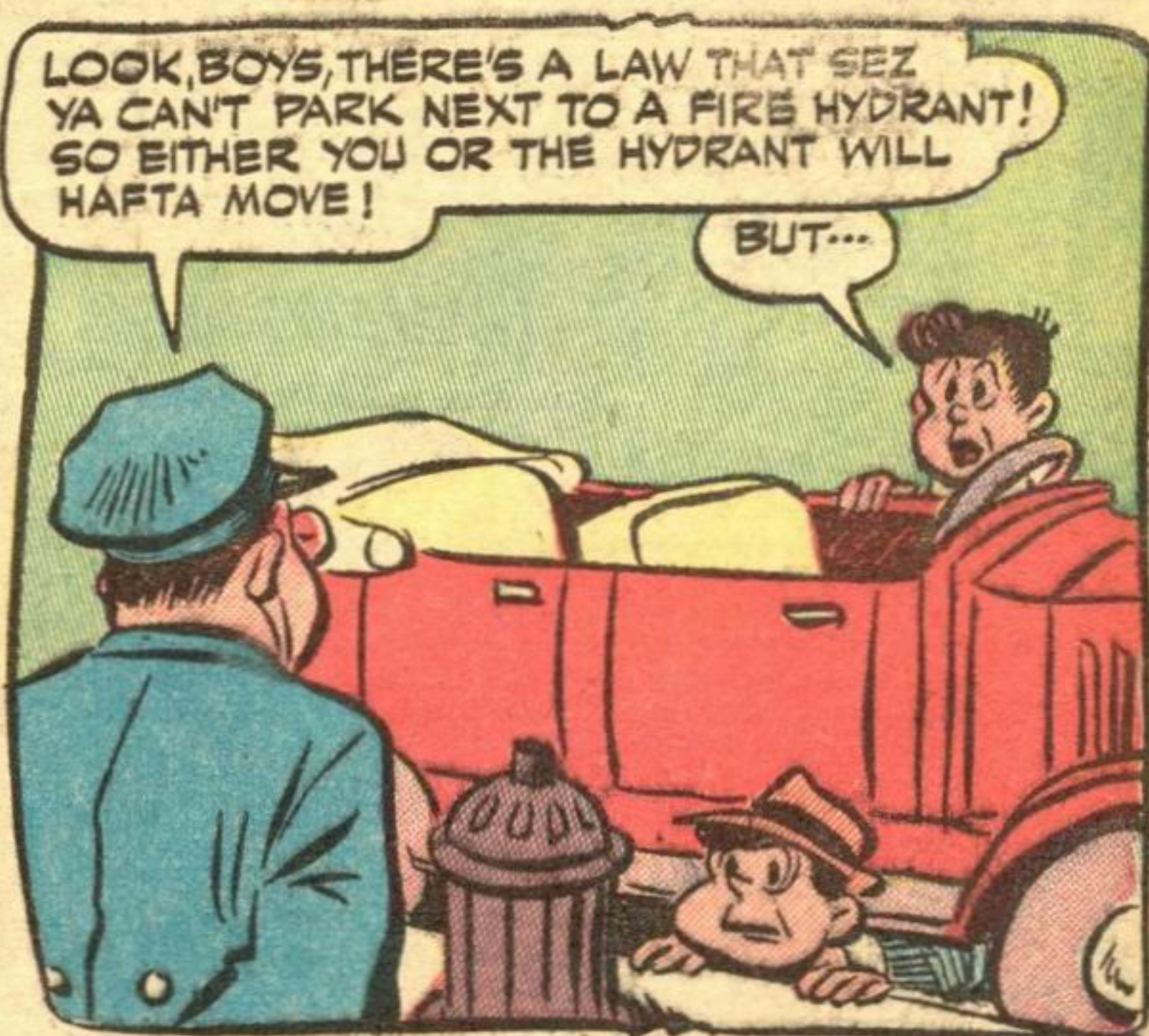
THEN I'LL JUST TAKE YOUR
CAR AND FIND HER MYSELF!

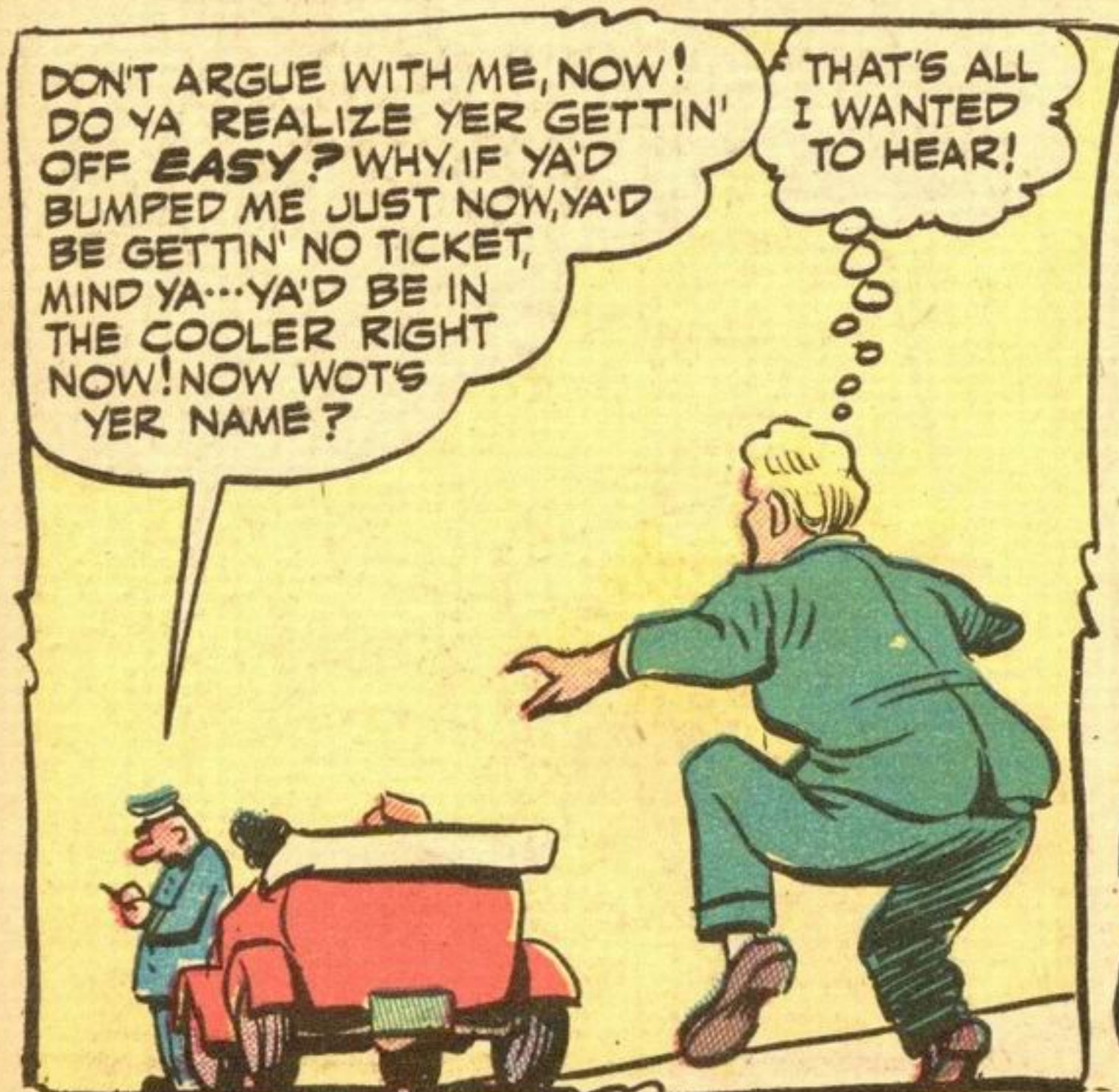
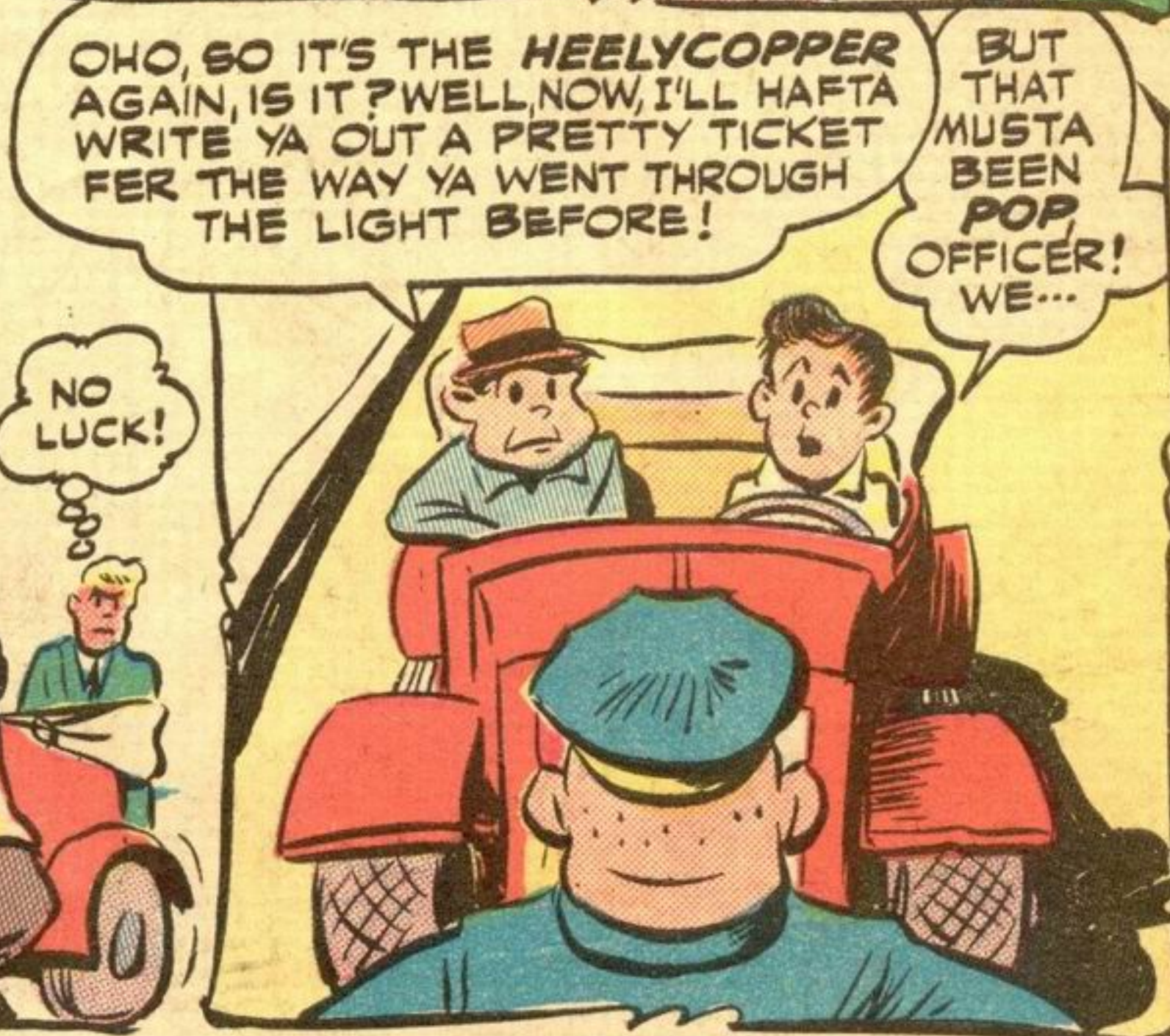
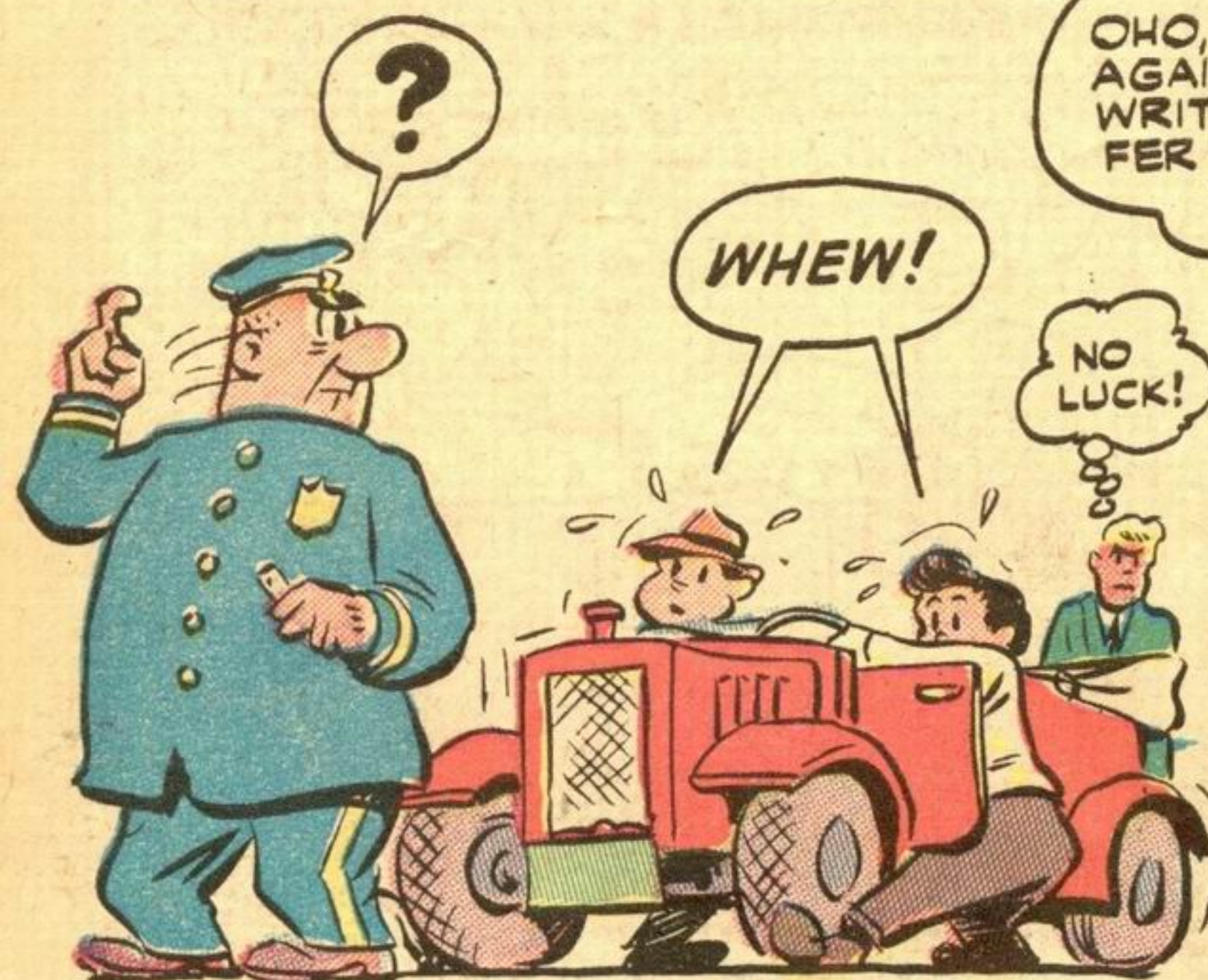
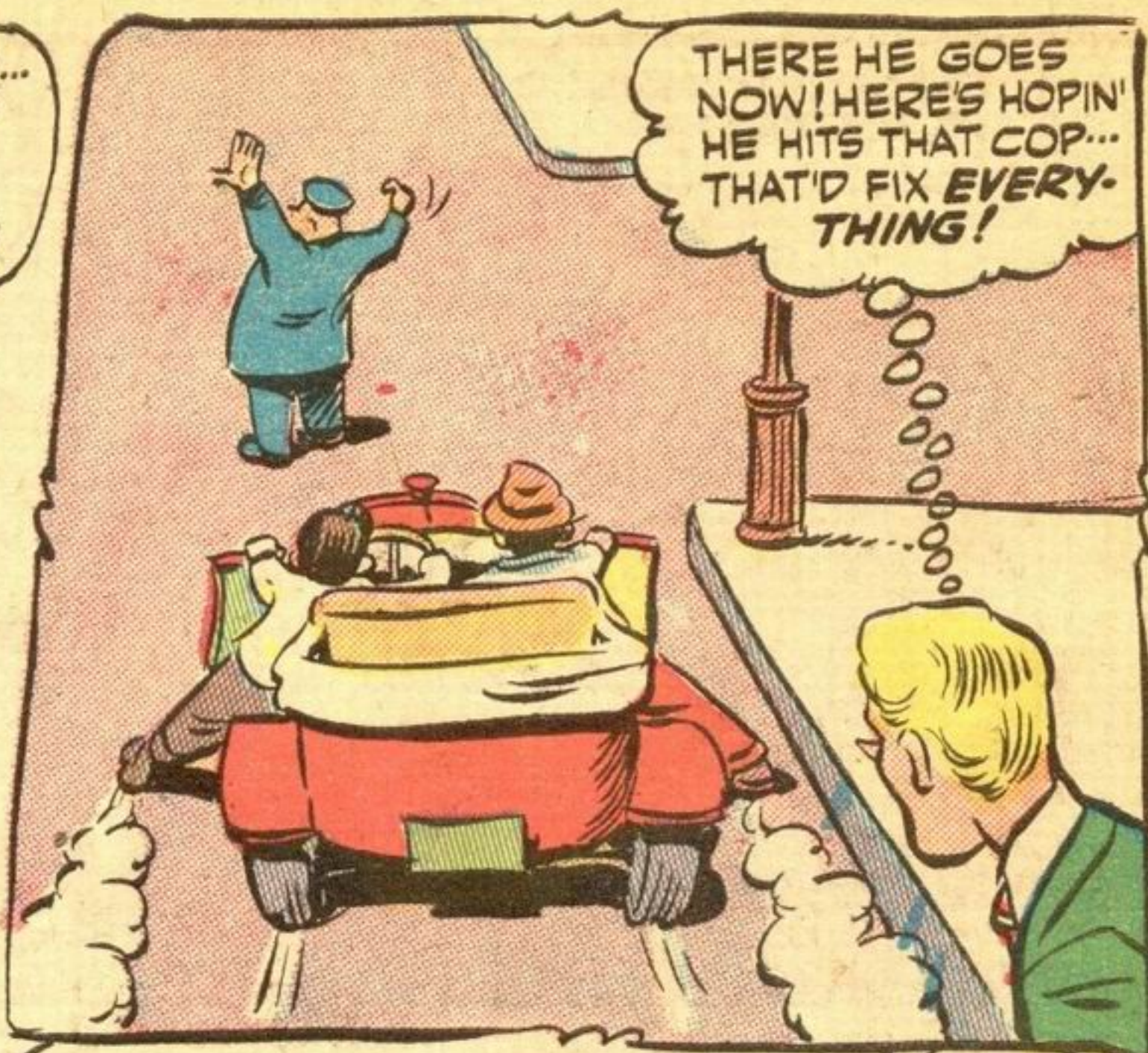
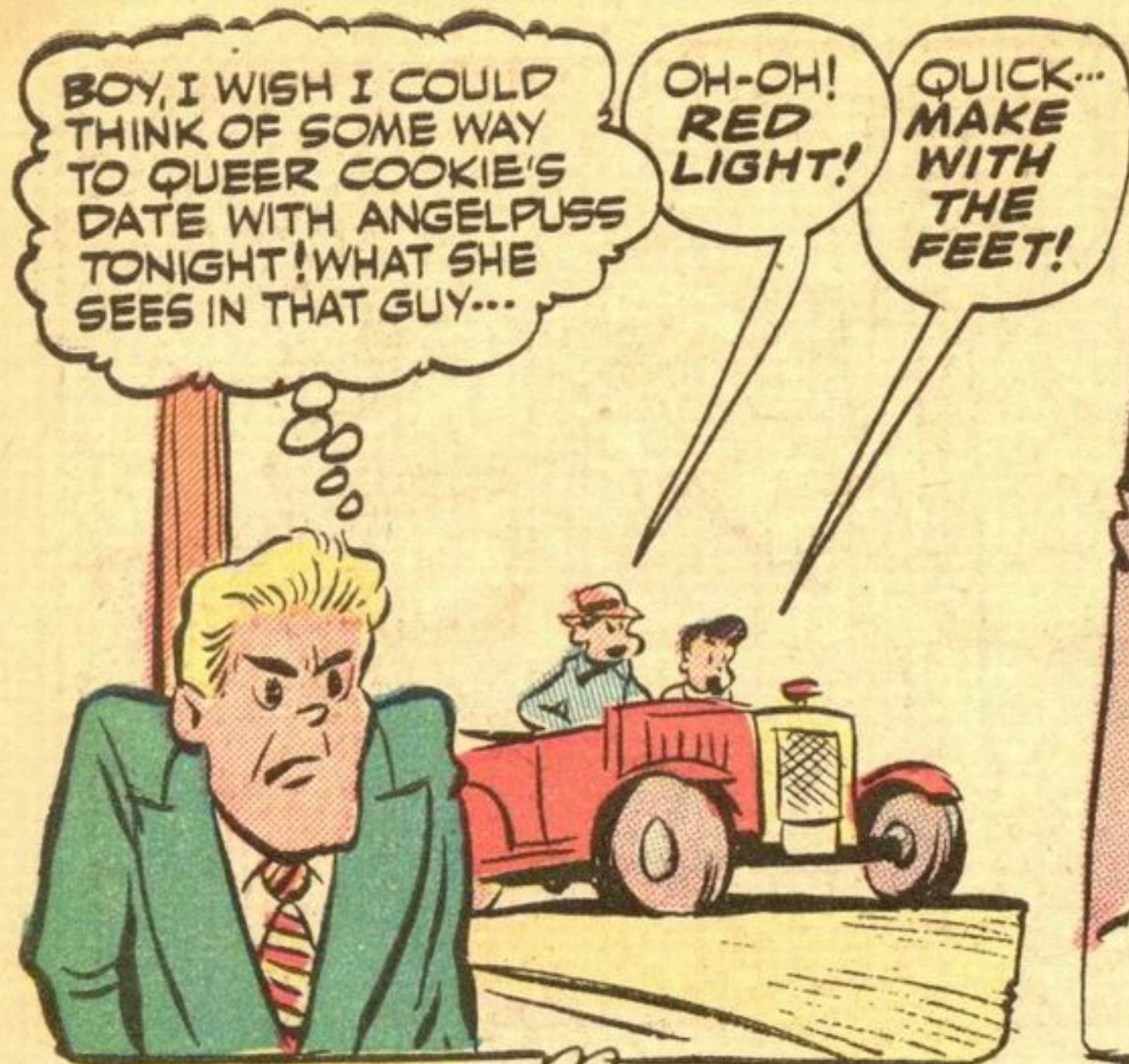
NO, POP
...WAIT!
YA GOTTA
LISTEN!

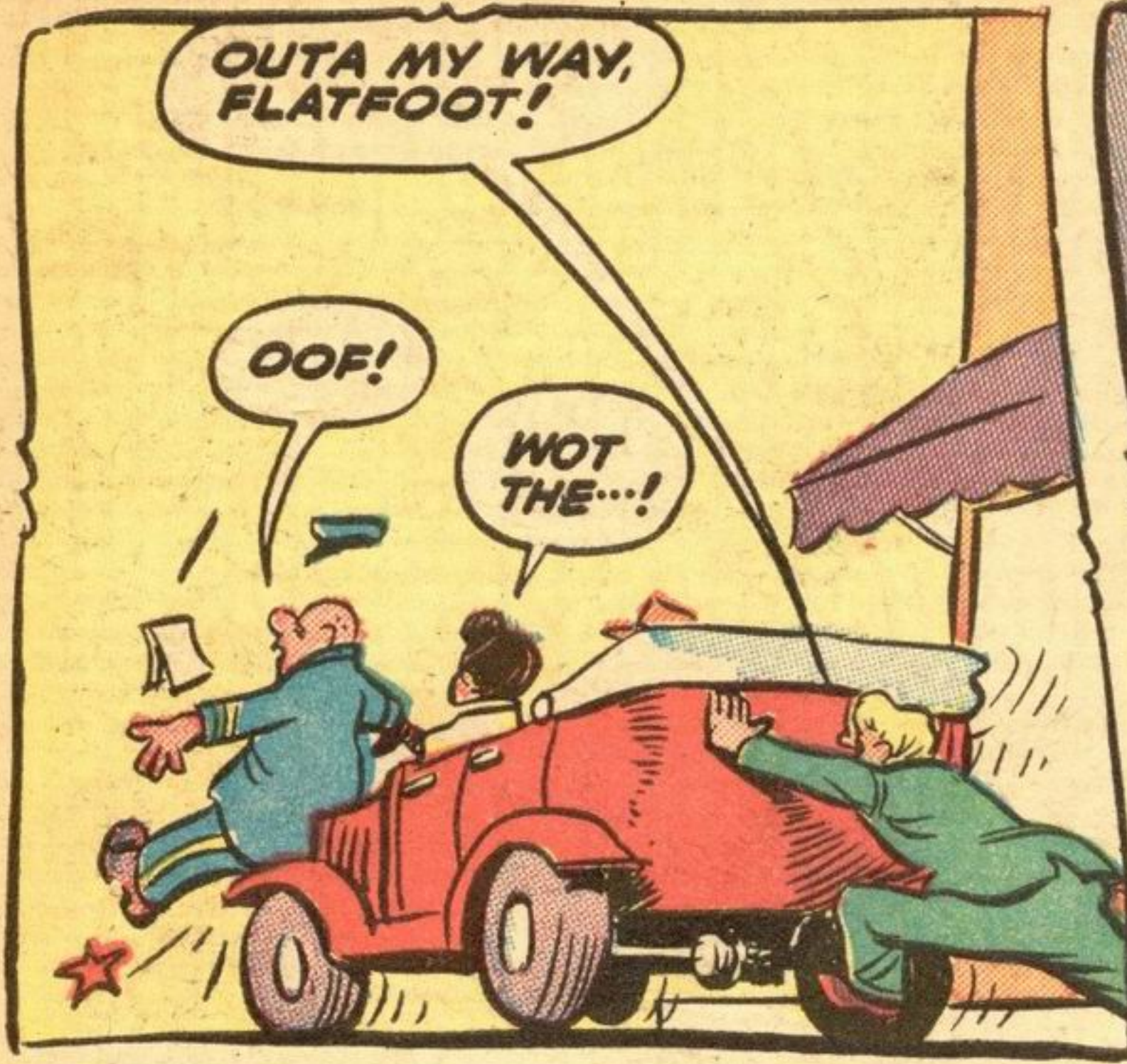
OOF!

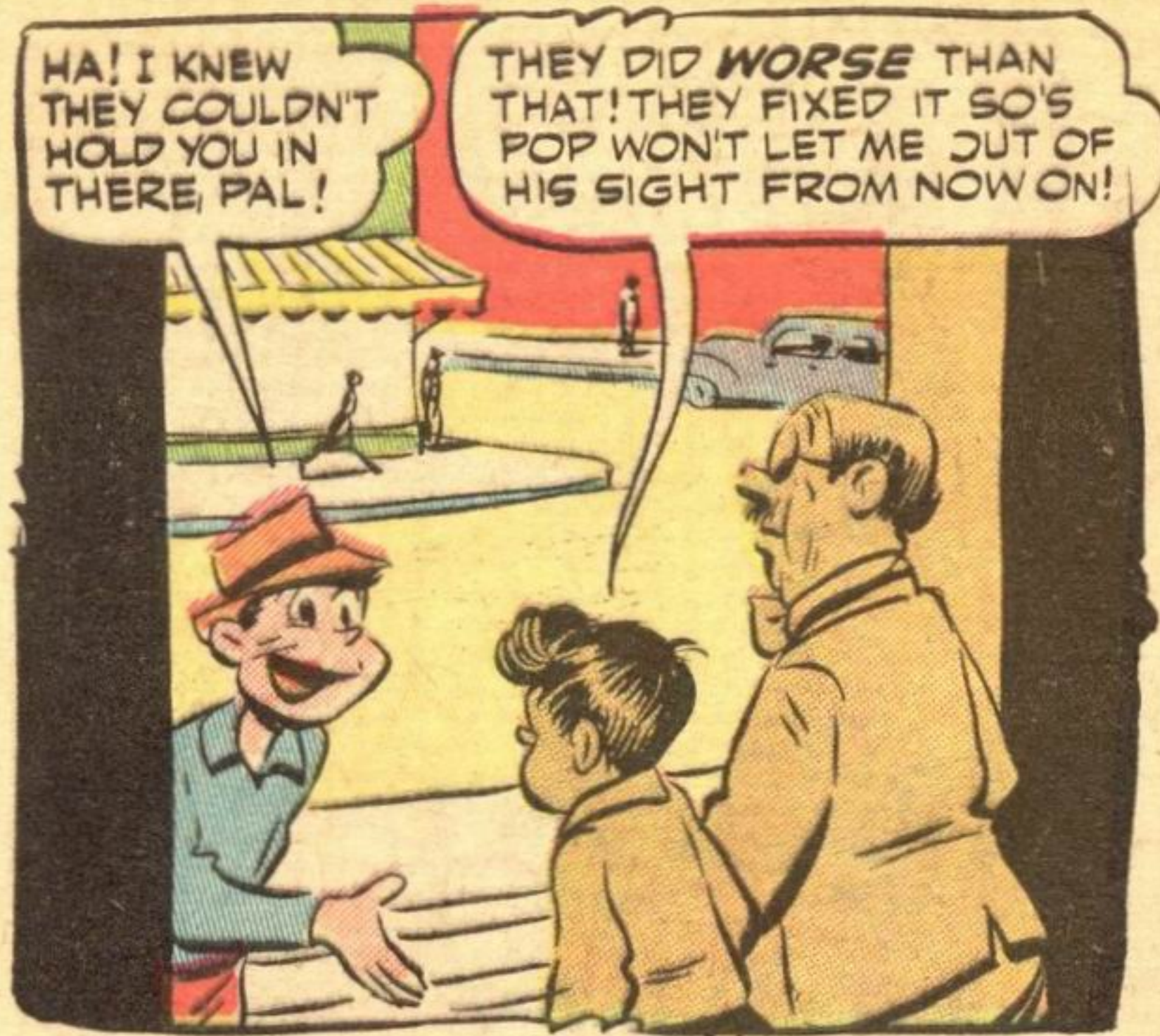












HA! I KNEW THEY COULDN'T HOLD YOU IN THERE, PAL!

THEY DID *WORSE* THAN THAT! THEY FIXED IT SO'S POP WON'T LET ME OUT OF HIS SIGHT FROM NOW ON!



OH...

C'MON, COOKIE, LET'S GET HOME! THAT FIGHT WILL BE ON TELEVISION SOON!



...SO WITH COOKIE IN THE CAN, I GOT A CLEAR ROAD WITH ANGELPUSS! I THINK I'LL CALL HER NOW!

THAT VOICE... ZOOT!



JUST A MINUTE, WISE GUY! HOW DID *YOU* KNOW COOKIE WAS IN TROUBLE?

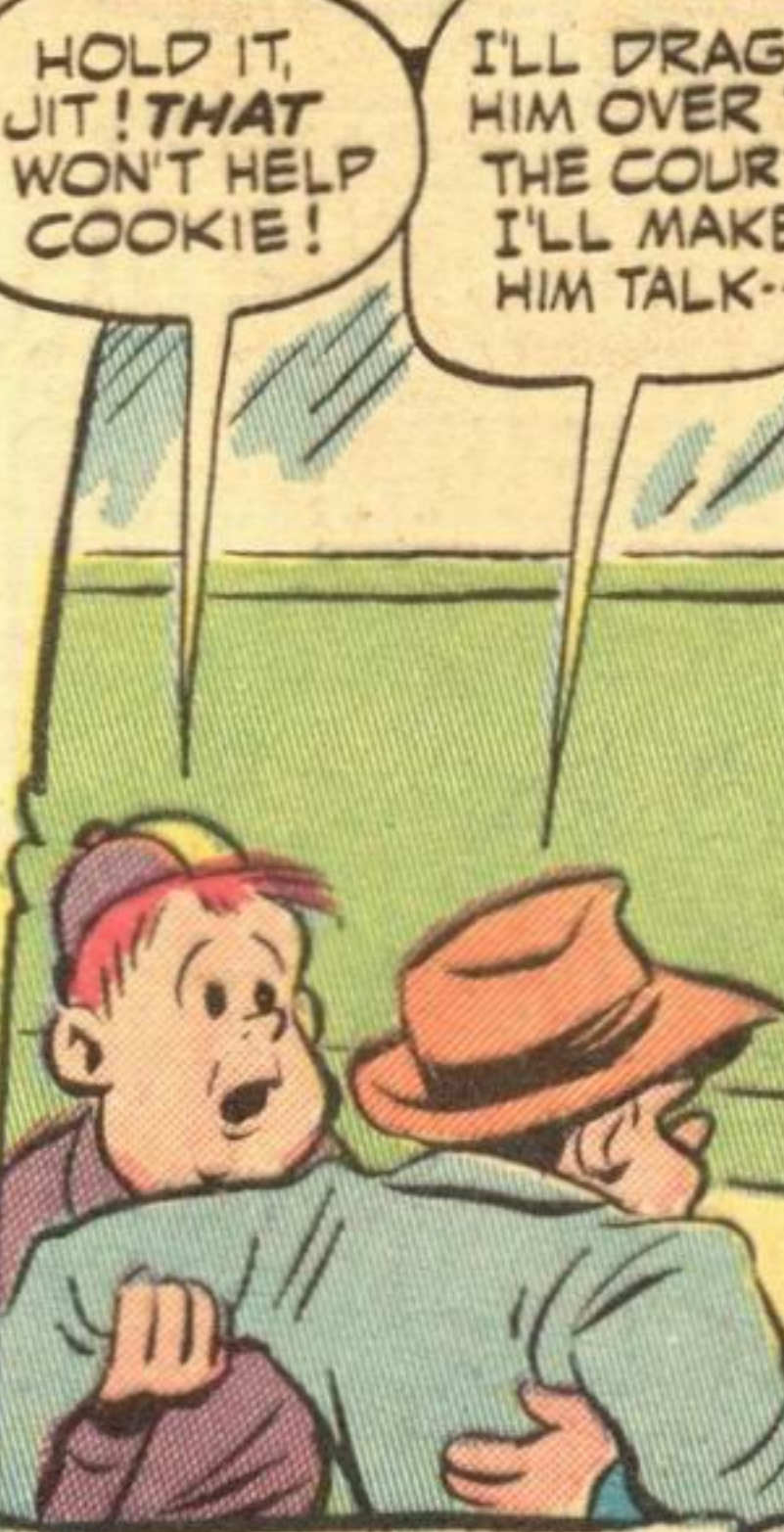


ER...WHY, I WAS RIGHT BEHIND THE JALOP...I MEAN, RIGHT ON THE S-SIDEWALK!



YOU MEAN IT WAS *YOU* WHO YELLED ...*YOU* WHO PUSHED THE JALOPY INTO THE COP! WHY, I'LL...

HELP!



HOLD IT, JIT! *THAT* WON'T HELP COOKIE!

I'LL DRAG HIM OVER TO THE COURT... I'LL MAKE HIM TALK...

IT'S TOO LATE! THEY WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT TONIGHT!

IT'S A CINCH THAT RAT ZOOT WON'T SHOW AT THE DANCE TONIGHT! HE'S TOO YELLOW!

YEAH, BUT THE SAD PART OF IT IS... **NEITHER WILL COOKIE!**

I'M NOT SO SURE! YOUR MENTIONIN' A RAT GAVE ME AN IDEA!... **LISTEN!**

COOKIE, COME ON DOWN AND SEE THE FIGHT! IT'S SWELL!

THANKS, POP, BUT I GOT OTHER THINGS ON MY MIND!

CONFOUND IT! THERE'S THE DOORBELL!

RIGHT TO THE JAW! LEFT HOOK! FLANAGAN FEINTS! CLINCH!

AWK!

WE'RE THE EXTERMINATORS!

WE DRESS LIKE THIS TO TRAP RATS!

YEAH, AN' WE HAD A COMPLAINT THAT THERE'S A BIG RAT LOOSE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! WE'LL HAVE TO LOOK AROUND!

ER... GO RIGHT AHEAD!

SILLIEST THING I EVER HEARD OF! OH, WELL...

2 MINUTES TO GO IN THE 6TH! LEFT CROSS A RIGHT HOOK



BUT COOKIE, WE BROUGHT A COSTUME FOR YA AN' EVERYTHING! LOOK!

IT'S NO SOAP, GUYS! IF ANYTHING HAPPENED, POP'D BE RESPONSIBLE, AN' I CAN'T PUT HIM ON THE SPOT!

WELL, WE THOUGHT WE'D TRY, ANYWAY!



HOW ABOUT IT, GENTLEMEN? DID YOU CATCH YOUR RAT?

OH, YES SIR! ER...SEE?

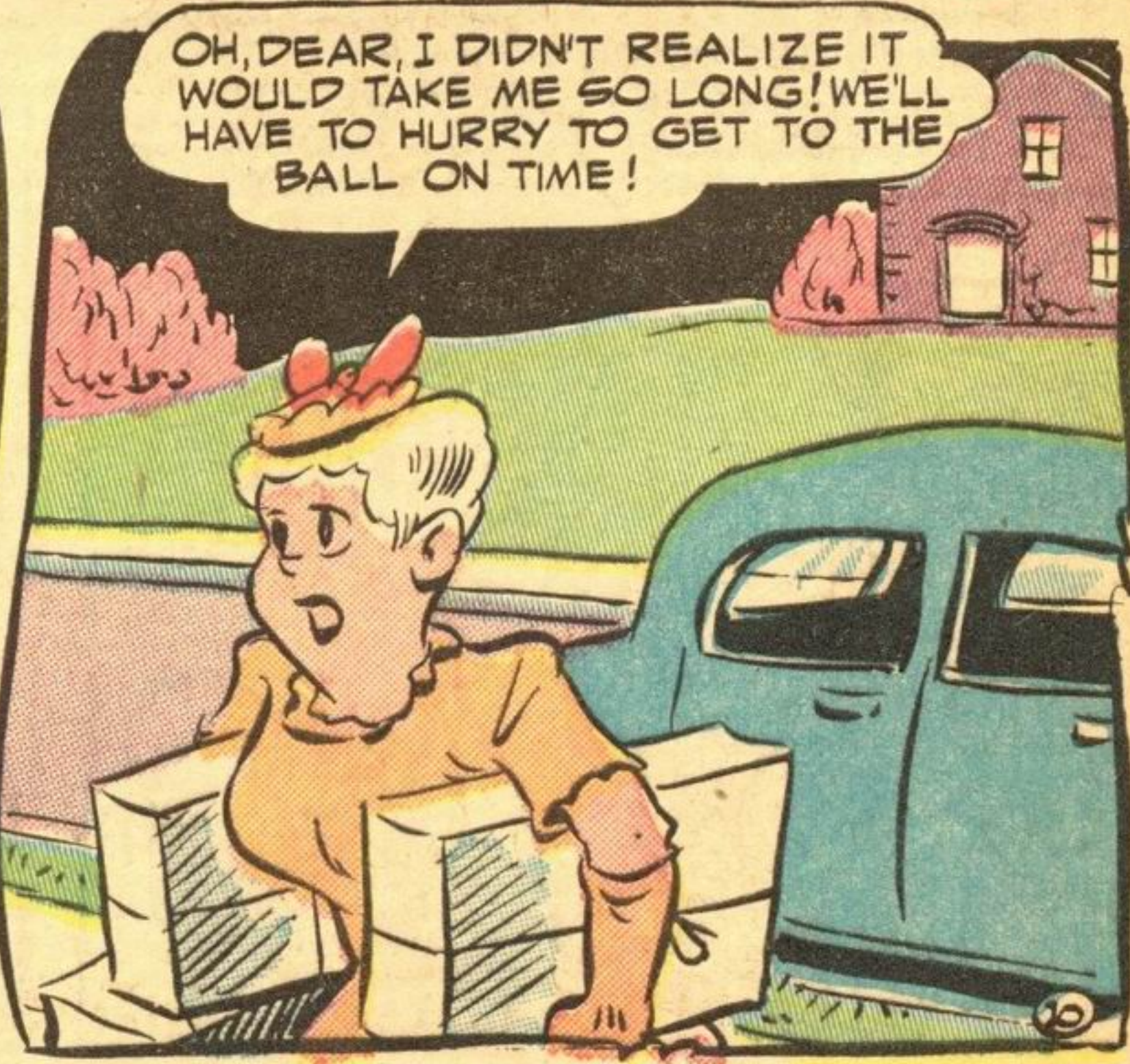
RAT!...I'LL BET THAT WAS **COOKIE**, SNEAKING OUT TO THE COSTUME BALL!



OH, HOW CAN HE *DO* THIS TO HIS POOR FATHER? DOESN'T HE KNOW I'M RESPONSIBLE IF ANY **TROUBLE** ARISES?



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR ME TO DO, AND THAT'S TO FOLLOW HIM! BUT I CAN'T GET IN WITHOUT A **COSTUME**! UMMM...

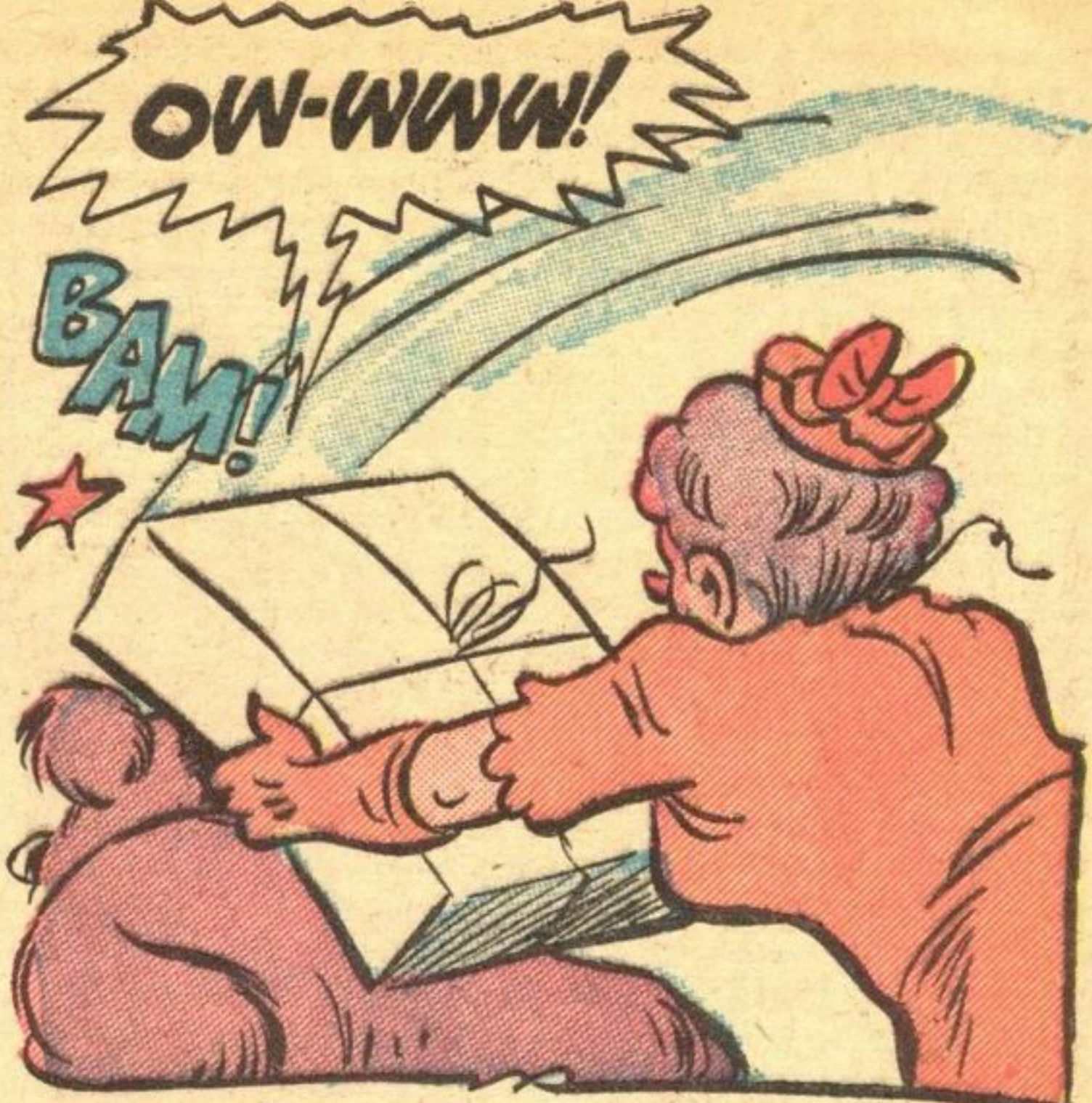


OH, DEAR, I DIDN'T REALIZE IT WOULD TAKE ME SO LONG! WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY TO GET TO THE BALL ON TIME!



THIS OLD BEAR RUG SHOULD DO IT!

EEEEEEEEK!

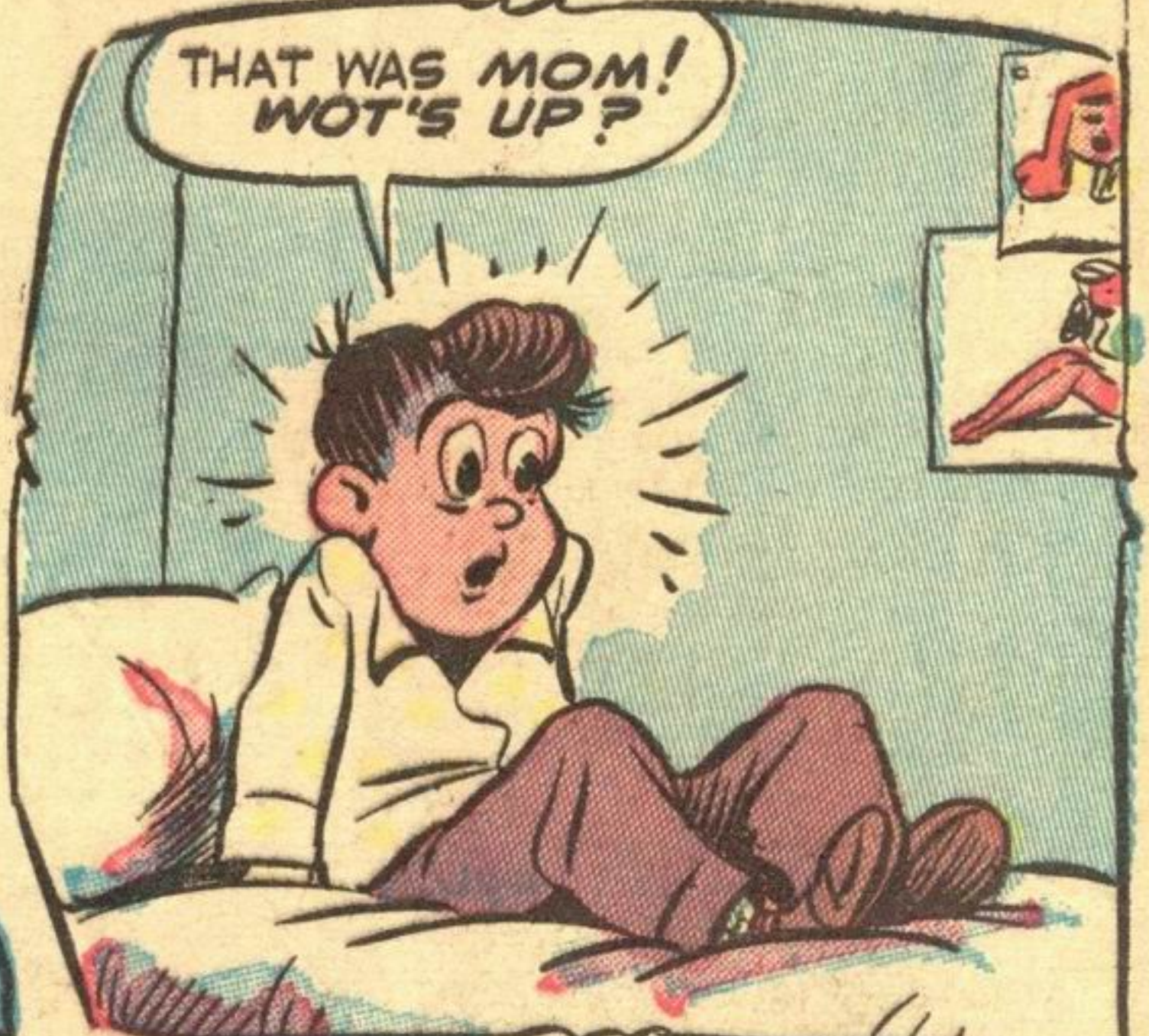


OW-WWW!
BAM!



HELP, POLICE!

COMING, LADY!



THAT WAS MOM!
WOT'S UP?



I'M SO SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, OFFICER! IT WAS ONLY MY DOPE OF A HUSBAND!

SAY, AREN'T YOU THE FELLOW WHOSE SON WAS IN TROUBLE TODAY?



Y-YESSIR! YOU PUT HIM IN MY CUSTODY ... AND I WAS CARELESS! HE WENT OUT!

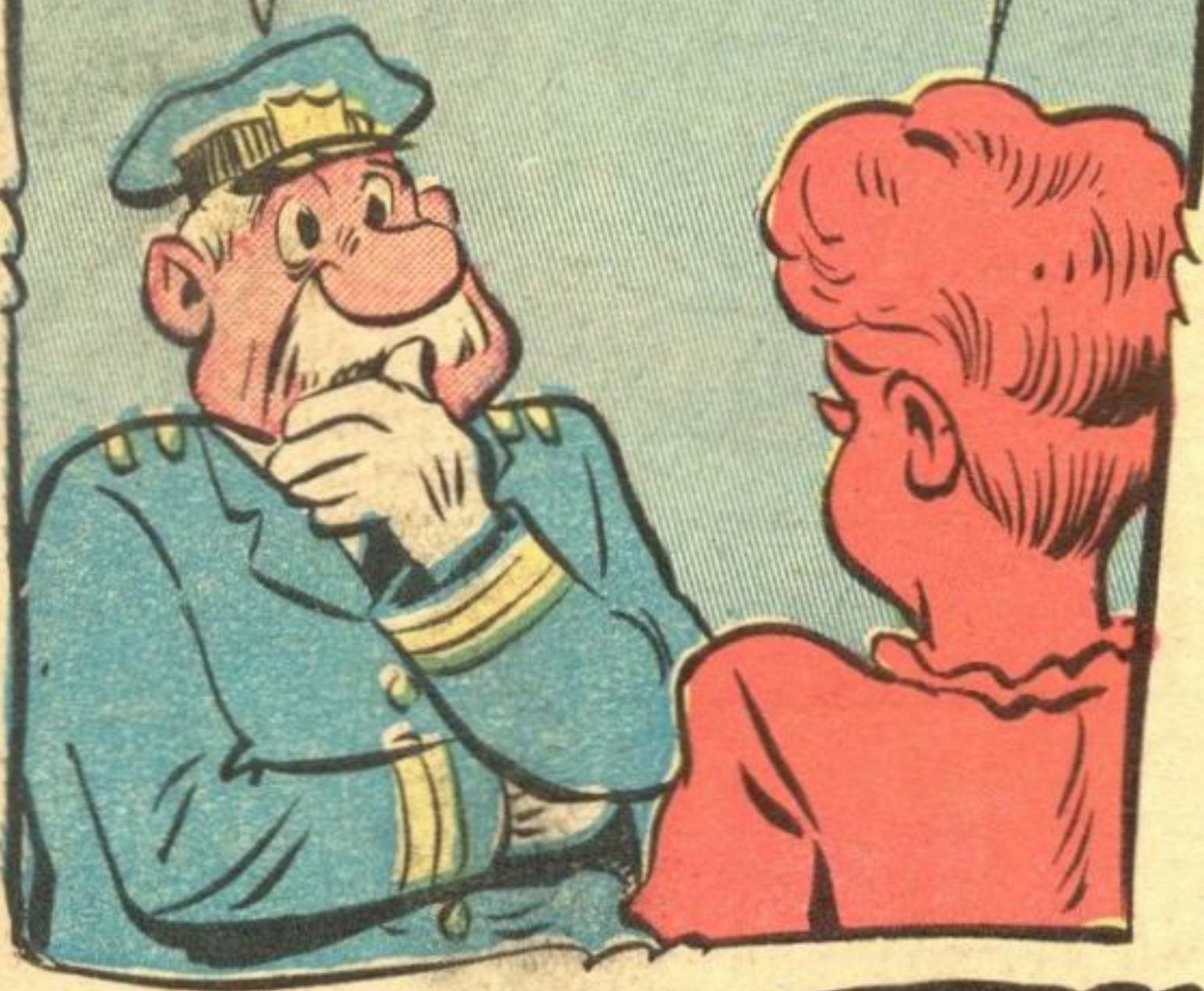
ARE YOU KIDDIN', POP? I'VE BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME!

ER... I'VE BEEN THINKIN' THINGS OVER, MADAM, AND IT SEEMS YOUR **HUSBAND** NEEDS WATCHIN' AS MUCH AS THE BOY DOES! SO I'M PUTTIN' **HIM IN YOUR CUSTODY!**

WELL... I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL **ABOUT...**

...BUT POP'S BEING IN MY CUSTODY MEANS HE HAS TO DO AS I TELL HIM, DOESN'T IT?

ABSOLUTELY, MA'AM! **G'NIGHT!**



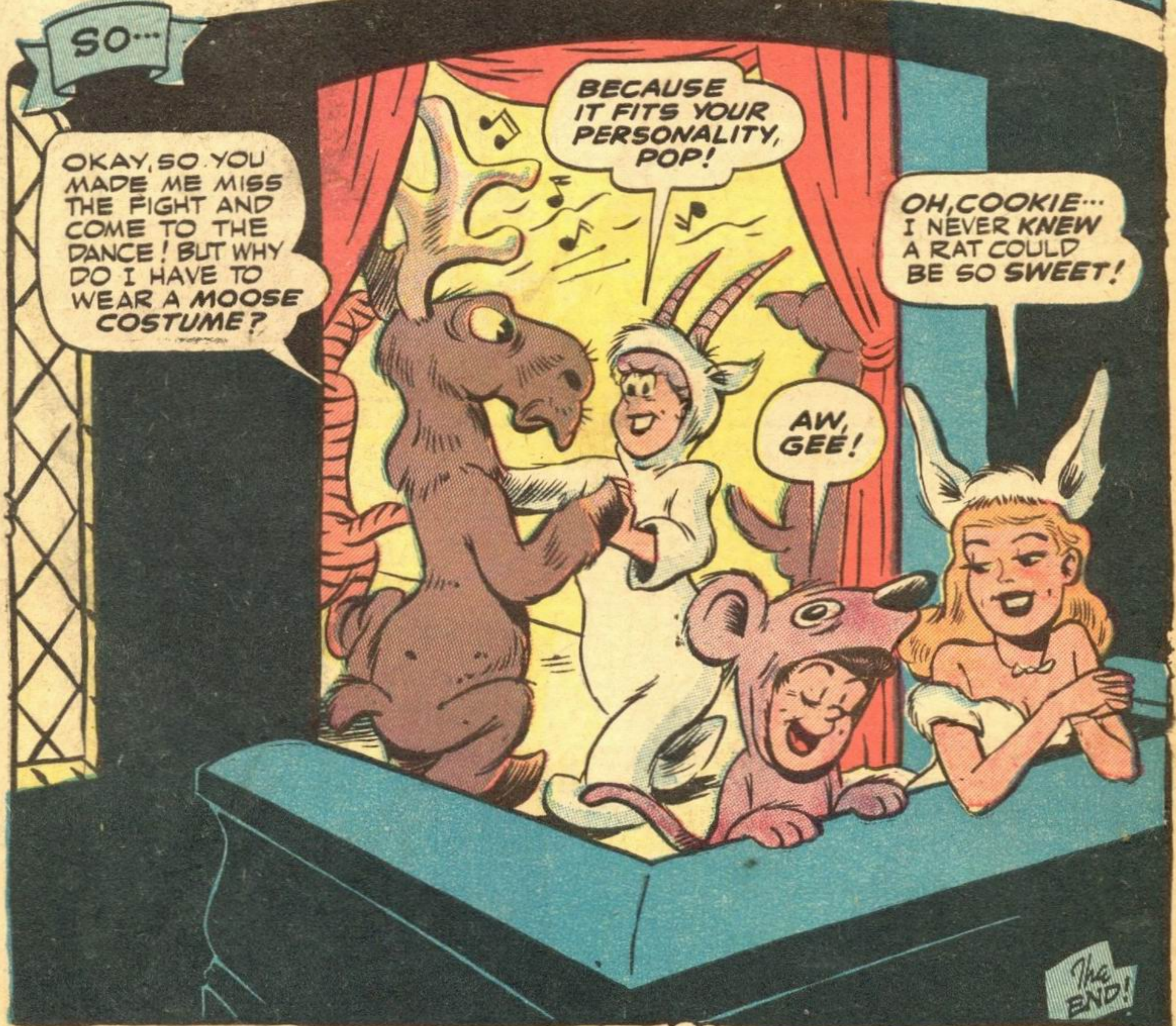
SO...

OKAY, SO YOU MADE ME MISS THE FIGHT AND COME TO THE DANCE! BUT WHY DO I HAVE TO WEAR A **MOOSE COSTUME?**

BECAUSE IT FITS YOUR PERSONALITY, POP!

OH, COOKIE... I NEVER KNEW A RAT COULD BE SO SWEET!

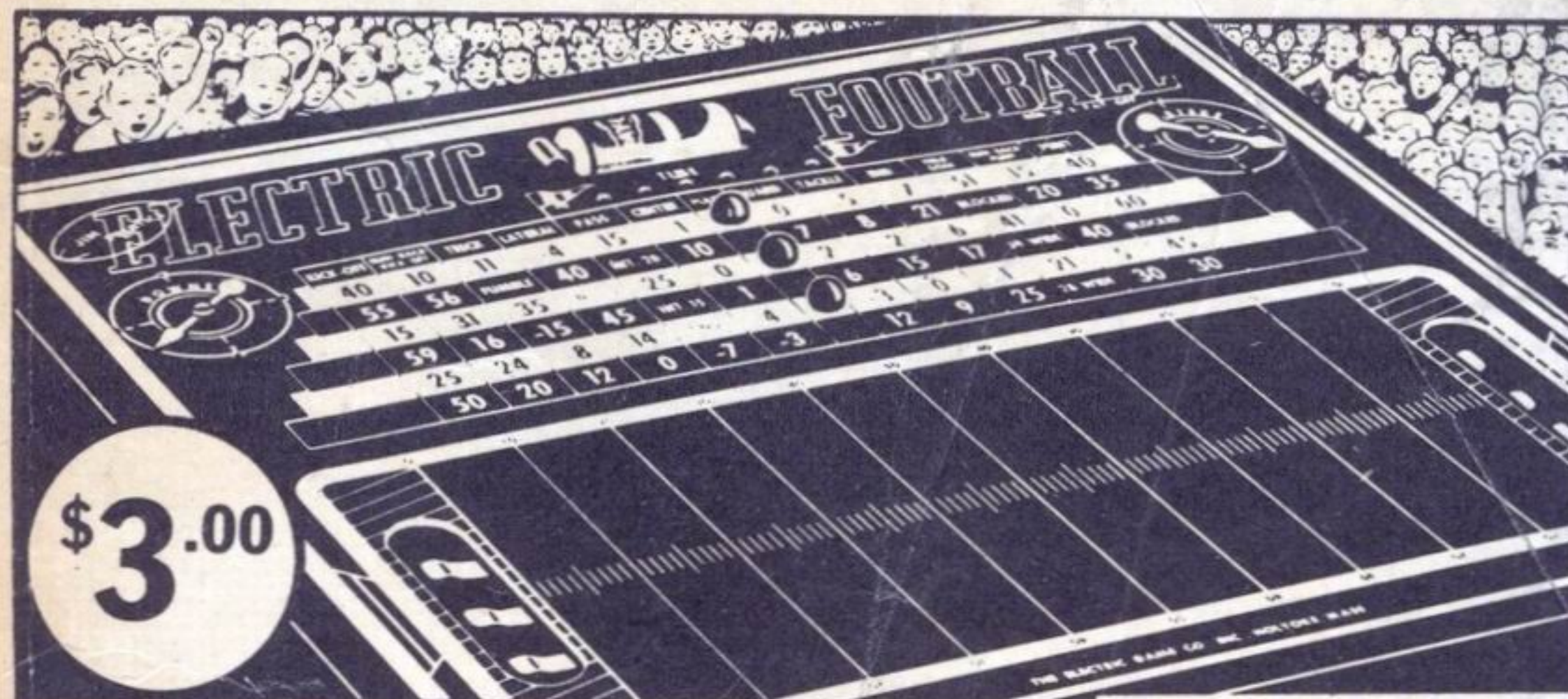
AW, GEE!



The END!

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball, Electric | \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball, Super El. | \$10. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Basketball, Elec. | \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> Football, Super El. | \$10. |
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The electric switch keys are nickel-plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 22 tinned copper wire is used with brass socket shells, fibre insulated. Each of the 19 connections is securely soldered by experts. The lamps (1.25 volts flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored.

Games are 14 x 16 inches, come complete with lamps, battery, full directions. You can start playing the moment you open the box.

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ARE TOPS
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OUR FAMOUS HARDY PLANTING STOCK

Dozens of brilliant flaming colors in this Rainbow Mix Assortment . . . Darwin, Triumph, Breeder, and Cottage Tulips for remarkable low cost of less than 2c per bulb. Our prize selection of famous young especially selected strain and smaller because they are first and second year bulbs—1½" to 2¼" in circumference. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Selected by Tulip experts who guarantee replacement of any bulb not developing to your satisfaction.

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Choice, Famous Varieties of selected bulbs direct from Holland! These crocuses, flowering size, will be the first to bloom next spring in lovely white, yellow, blue and striped blossoms. Grow indoors—or in lawns where they flower for years without replanting. 3 Ranunculus Bulbs extra. 100 BULBS **\$1.94**

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